





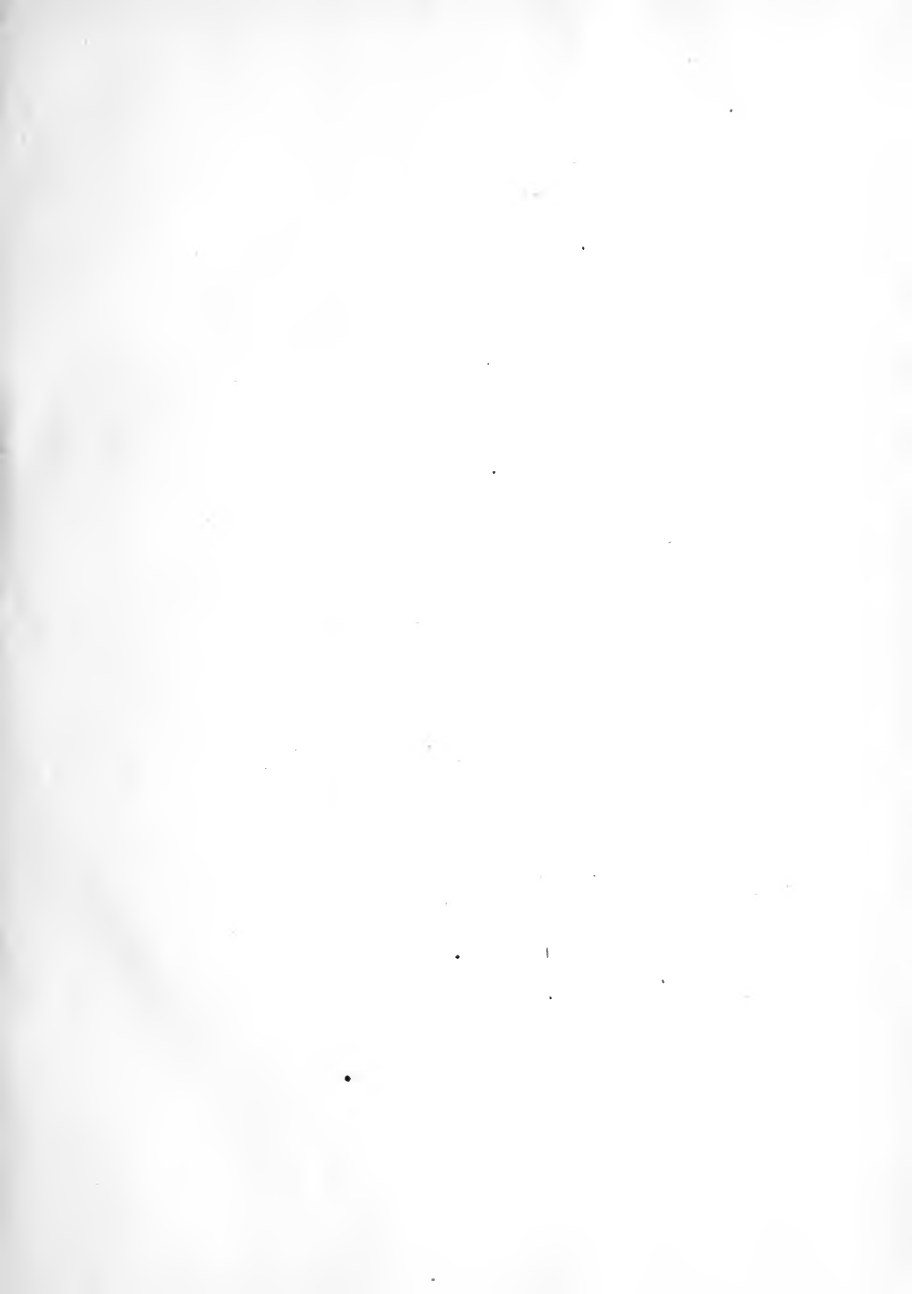
Class II 570

Book 9

Copyright N^o A 55

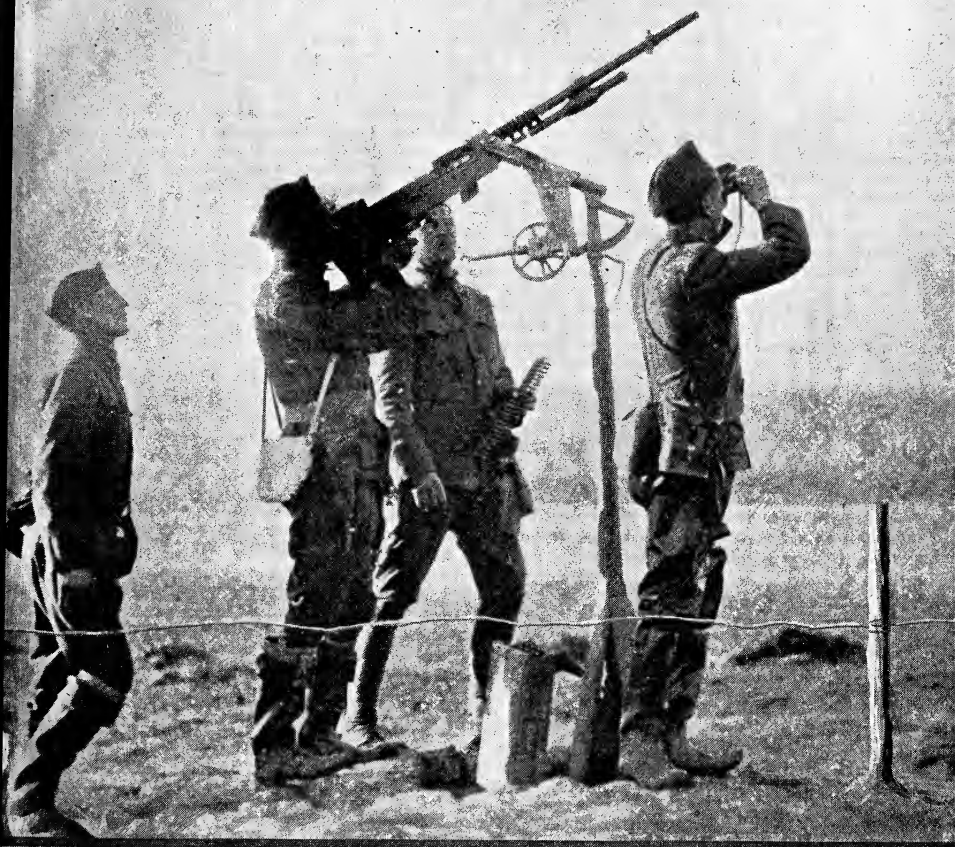
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT







Stories of Americans IN The World War





812
1157

Director, Institute for Public Service; author of War Facts for Every American, When-Where-Who-Why War Questions Answered, Civics and Health, Universal Training for Citizenship and Public Service, etc

Public School Principal, New York City

6 Beacon Street, Boston

First Audiences
of
Stories Here Reprinted

1570
.9
A55

These stories of Americans in the world war were first written by doers, see-ers and seers.

Because each writer had a message of entertainment or inspiration, the original stories and poems could not be condensed without omitting valuable lines. Yet for an intermediate reader of practical length and desired variety, it was necessary to condense, sometimes by omission, sometimes by rewriting.

The publishers and copyrighters of the stories and poems as they originally appeared showed their interest in the purpose of this reader by kindly permitting the use of their material here.

Instead of naming our collaborators in this prefatory acknowledgment, we name them and their publications after the stories and poems, in the hope that readers will thus more easily associate any pleasure derived from this book with the audience which first enjoyed each story or poem, and with the publisher and author to whom appreciation is due.

THE AUTHORS

OCT 21 1918

Copyright 1918

by

Institute for Public Service

RECEIVED OCT 21 1918
COPYRIGHT OFFICE
U. S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
First Audiences of Stories Here Reprinted.....	2
And the Whole World Listened.....	5
"Liberty Enlightening the World".....	12
"For All We Have and Are".....	12
Verdun Belle	13
Our First Marines in France.....	16
My Pledge	21
The Five Flags	22
Facing Death on a Hospital Ship.....	22
Five School Days in Bombarded Rheims.....	25
The Red Cross Spirit Speaks.....	30
A Story in Cartoon.....	31
Old Tom Nurses His Master.....	33
How Our Boys Go to Battle.....	35
"The Wood of the Americans".....	37
A Soldier-Made Decoration.....	39
A Captured American Escapes.....	40
The Way to Win.....	45
A French Girl's Idea of America.....	46
Our Engineers in France.....	48
A War Cabinet in Schools.....	57
The Doughboy	59
American Heroes of the Marne.....	60
The Yankee Smile	69
An American Heroine in France.....	70
Carrier Pigeons in the War.....	72
Lufbery, American Ace.....	78
A Texan Airman's Holiday.....	80
Two Brothers in France, A. E. F. to Home Folks in America	85

	PAGE
A Man Named Brown.....	95
Volunteers Cross No Man's Land.....	97
The Navy	99
Chasing Submarines	102
On Board a U. S. Destroyer.....	103
Decorated in Italy	107
In Flanders Fields	109
America's Answer	109
Deceiving the Enemy by Camouflage.	110
A Raid for Prisoners.....	115
Interviewing Peanuts, Oldest Veteran.....	119
Birds in No Man's Land.....	121
A Matter of Tune	123
To France	126
A Prisoner Taken in the Air.....	127
Bill and Dick, Ambulance Heroes.....	128
Baylies of the Air Service.....	132
Night Raiders of the Air.....	134
Dogs in Khaki	139
Ballyshannon, War-Dog	147
Ways of Honoring Heroes.....	150
Semper Fidelis—Always Faithful.....	152
"Over the Top" Six Times.....	154
Tanks or Caterpillar Forts.....	155
Insisting Upon the Pass Word.....	163
Americans in Joan of Arc's Home.....	164
Pershing Before the War.....	166
Pershing in France	169
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight.....	172
Lincoln and Kaiser to Two Mothers.....	173
Our Flag Forever	174
Military Terms	175

And the Whole World Listened

It was not a long story. It was spoken in a small room. The speaker hardly raised his voice. Yet that speech was waited for and listened to by the whole world.

The speaker was a citizen of the United States, born in a small Virginia town, to no title or riches except the title American citizen and the riches of opportunity in America. He had no rights except those which every other American citizen possesses. He had enjoyed no opportunities which had not been urged upon hundreds of thousands of his country's boys and girls. He had no powers but those which his fellow citizens had given him. Yet he was listened to by the whole world.

The story was told in simple words. There were no attempts to secure applause. In fact, the story was read from notes just as it was later printed in newspapers. Yet the whole world listened to its every syllable.

Nor was the story new, except for its ending. It was a twice-told tale, a review of crimes against humanity, which had been many times before described to all the world. Nevertheless the whole world listened.

Never before had so much depended upon the ending of a story, the last words of a speech.

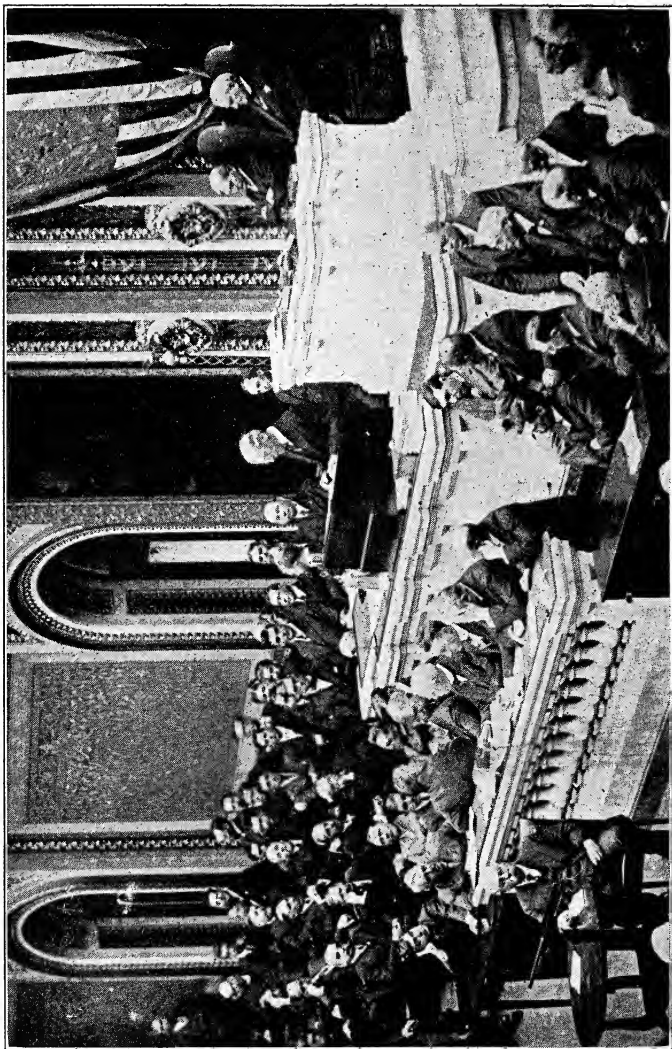
The whole world breathlessly waited for these last words because in them America would tell its fellow nations whether it would yield to German autocracy or fight and conquer it.

From these last words would come a promise of untold significance to all mankind—would America let German autocracy destroy America's rights and triumph over democracy everywhere, or would America help the free nations of the world destroy German autocracy?

It was the story's ending which made the whole world listen to the retelling of war crimes like these by Germany against humanity:

- (1) Germany had sunk eight American ships and taken 226 American lives, including those lost on merchant ships belonging to other nations.
- (2) Germany had filled our cities and country districts, and even our government offices, with spies.
- (3) Germany's spies had tried everywhere in criminal ways to cause differences of opinion among our people, and to interfere with our industries and trade by blowing up factories, sinking steamers, and destroying food supplies in our cities.
- (4) Crimes committed by Germany's agents had been suggested, paid for and actually directed by German agents in high position, at the head of whom was the German ambassador to this country.
- (5) Ocean vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, even when they belonged to friendly nations and even when carrying cargoes that could not possibly do Germany harm, had been torpedoed by German submarines and had been sent to the bottom of the ocean, without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board; 700 vessels belonging to friendly or neutral nations had already been sunk by German submarines.

- (6) Even Red Cross hospital ships and other ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium had been sunk with the same brutality, in spite of the fact that they were clearly marked to show that they were hospital and relief ships, and in spite of the fact that Germany's government itself had guaranteed their safety.
- (7) Germany had brutally and by wholesale killed non-combatants, or adults and children, who were not taking any part in the war, but were engaged in work which even in the darkest periods of modern history had been permitted and protected by enemy armies and called peaceful employment.
- (8) Germany had announced that on and after the first day of February, 1917, it was its purpose, contrary to the laws of humanity, to use its submarines to sink every vessel that might try to approach the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, or the western coast of Europe, or any of the ports held by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean.
- (10) Germany had tried to stir up enmity against us in Mexico, and had offered Mexico our states Arizona, New Mexico and Texas if Mexico would make war upon us.
- (11) The German government had started the world war without the previous knowledge or approval of the German people; had violated the constitution of Germany by declaring this war without first obtaining the consent of the German senate or Bundesrath; had, from the beginning of the war, cunningly deceived the German people and treated them like playthings, and had selfishly done what it pleased and told its people nothing or lies.



© Harris and Ewing—Paul Thompson

Vice-President Marshall and Speaker Clark presiding

President Wilson reading the president's war message to both houses of Congress
in the hall of representatives, April 2, 1917

(12) In the presence of a government that used such methods as Germany employed, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there could be no safety for the democratic governments of the world.

The speaker had no power to punish Germany for the well known crimes against humanity of which he reminded the world. He could not send American armies out of our country, or war boats beyond the three miles of ocean along our coast which nations call ours, unless authorized to do so by the American people's elected representatives in Congress. He could do nothing but tell the story.

Yet the whole world listened because the world believed that it was listening to the voice of America; to the people whose liberty had been enlightening the world since its Declaration of Independence in 1776, to the people who gave Washington and Lincoln to freedom-loving mankind everywhere.

Four days after this story ended Congress declared that the story's conclusion was the only safe and honorable conclusion for our country, namely, that Germany had been making war upon us; that Germany had declared its intention to keep on making war upon us and upon the freedom of all mankind; and that it was our duty to fight with all our might against Germany's injustice.

The American citizen who told this story was the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, then

beginning the second year of his second term. The story was called the President's War Message. It was told in the national capitol for which Washington, the Father of his Country, and its first President, laid the cornerstone in 1793.

Within reach of the speaker's voice were senators and representatives, government officers, a few guests, and newspaper reporters. At the hour when the war message was being read aloud, newspapers to whom the address had been sent in advance by mail, by telegram, or by telephone were distributing printed copies. Before the story was ended at Washington hundreds of millions of men in all parts of the world were asking one another and telling one another what it meant.

The day was April 2, 1917.

For all time to come this story will be told over and over again by our present Allies, by a new Russia, by small nations soon to be set free, and even by an emancipated Germany.

It was but a notable new chapter in the great story of freedom's fight against Germany's desire to rule or destroy. To win this fight our nation is but one of many champions and our nation's spokesman but one of many spokesmen.

So long as men tell stories to one another the story of our country's part in the world war for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its people, the people of Germany included, will be given a place of honor.

So long as citizens of the world read stories, our nation will be expected to live up to the high ideal pronounced by its spokesman in the President's War Message of April 2, 1917:

The world must be made safe for democracy.

Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve.

We desire no conquests, no dominion.

We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make.

We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind.

We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of nations can make them. . . .

To such a task we shall dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

"Liberty Enlightening the World"

Thou warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay,
The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away :
Thine eyes at last look far and clear, thou liftest high thy hand
To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land.

No more thou dreamest of a peace reserved alone for thee,
While friends are fighting for thy cause beyond the guardian sea :
The battle that they wage is thine ; thou fallest if they fall ;
The swollen flood of Prussian pride will sweep unchecked o'er all.

O cruel is the conquer-lust in Hohenzollern brains :
The paths they plot to gain their goal are dark with shameful stains :
No faith they keep, no law reverse, no god but naked Might ;—
They are the foemen of mankind. Up, Liberty, and smite !

.

O dearest country of my heart, home of the high desire,
Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire :
For thou must suffer, thou must fight, until the warlords cease,
And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

From *The Red Flower*, copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

"For All We Have and Are"

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old :
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Extract from *From All We Have and Are*, RUDYARD KIPLING

Verdun Belle

"Belle" is a setter, shabby white, with great splotches of chocolate brown in her coat. Her ears are brown and silky. Her ancestry is dubious. She is undersized and would not stand a chance at the dog show in Madison Square Garden back home. But the marines think there never was another dog like her.

Belle bobbed up out of nowhere in a sector near Verdun, singled out a young private of the marines, and attached herself to him.

Belle was as used to war as the most weatherbeaten poilu. The tremble of the ground did not disturb her; and the whining whir of shells overhead only made her twitch and wrinkle her nose in her sleep. She was trench broken. You could have put a plate of pork chops on the parapet and nothing would have induced her to go after them.

She actually learned to race for the spot where a gas mask, invented for her by her master, could be put over her nose whenever the signal warning of a gas attack was sounded.

Before long Belle became the mother of nine brown and white puppies. They had hardly opened their eyes before her master's regiment got orders to "hike" for another sector.

Some might have thought the dog and her puppies would be left behind, but this never occurred to her young master. He commandeered a market basket somewhere, put the puppies into it, and let Verdun Belle trot behind.

In spite of the fact that the amount of equipment which each marine carries on the march is supposed to be all that a man can possibly carry, this marine found strength to carry the extra weight of the basket.

Forty miles he carried his burden along the parched French highway. Then came an order to march even further. Reluctantly the marine was forced to give up the basket. Mournfully he killed four of the puppies, and the other three he slipped into his shirt front.

Then he trudged on his way, the mother dog trotting trustfully behind.

Another of the pups died on the long march, and somewhere in the tremendous procession of marching men and endless lines of trucks and wagons, Belle herself got lost.

The marine was at his wit's end to keep the two remaining puppies alive. Finally he hailed the crew of an ambulance passing back from the front, turned the pups over to them, and disappeared with his comrades.

The ambulance men were unable to induce the pups to eat canned beef and had no fresh milk. They tried in vain to find a cow.

The next morning a fresh company of marines trooped by the farm, and following them, tired, anxious, but undismayed, was Verdun Belle.

A few miles back, the day before, she had lost her master, and until she could find him again, she evidently had thought that any marine was better than none at all.

The troops did not halt at the farm but Belle did. At the gate she stopped, drew in her lolling tongue, sniffed inquiringly the evening air—and like a flash, a white streak along the drive—she raced to a distant tree, where on a pile of discarded dressings, in the shade, the pups were sleeping.

All the corps men stopped work and marveled. It was such a family reunion as warms the heart. For the worried mess sergeant it was a great relief. For the pups it was a mess call clear and simple.

With only one worry left in her mind Verdun Belle settled down with her puppies at this field hospital. In a day or two the wounded began coming in, a steady stream.

Always mistress of the art of keeping out from under foot, very quietly Belle hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the main road and backed up with its load of pain.

Then one evening they lifted out a marine, listless in the half stupor of shell shock. To the busy workers he was just another case, number such and such, but there was no need to tell anyone who saw the wild joy of the dog that Verdun Belle had found her own.

The first consciousness he had of his new surroundings was the feel of her rough pink tongue licking the dust from his face. And those who passed that way last Sunday found two cots together in the kindly shade of the spreading tree. On one the mother dog lay contented with her puppies. Fast asleep on the other, his arm

thrown out so that one grimy hand could clutch a silken ear, lay the young marine.

It perplexed some of the hospital workers to know what would be done when the time came to send the marine on to the base hospital. But they knew in their hearts that they could safely leave the answer to some one else. They could leave it to Verdun Belle.

The Stars and Stripes, issued by the American Army in France

Our First Marines in France

When the vanguard of the American Army left for France in the spring of 1917 a brigade of marines went with them. There were 14,644 marines over there a year later. Three days after the fifth German drive on Paris had been halted at the Marne, it was decided that the wide triangular wedge that the enemy had gained must be sharpened and narrowed. The commander of the sector about Chateau Thierry (Shat-o-tee-er-y) that was held by the marines was anxious to make an attack on the enemy without the assistance of the French. He received permission to do so. The attack was planned for dawn, June 6.

After an artillery fire that lasted an hour, the marines went "over the top," with their favorite cry, *Each man get a German, but don't let a German get you.*

On the roofs of the little stone farm houses signallers could be seen wigwagging, while in the meadows the artillery officers with glasses calmly examined the result of their fire.

The marines had sworn they would not yield an inch of ground, and they swung into battle with their helmets decked with poppies. "Wild cats" and "human cyclones" other enemies had called them in the past, but the Germans gave them a new name, "Teufel Hunden," and "Devil Dogs" they proved to be.

At the north of the marines' six-mile sector was Veully Woods (Vay-yi).

Now a wood is a good hiding place for machine guns and is always greatly desired by either attacking or defending troops. When the Germans saw the American machine guns being withdrawn from the woods and troops retreating, a company and a half of the Huns slipped in. But the marines' retreat had been only a snare, and twelve prisoners brought back that night were all that were left of the Germans who entered the trap.

After Veully Wood had been cleared, the marines fell back and filled up the ranks of other advancing companies. Nothing could stop them.

The attack had begun at a quarter to four in the morning; at a quarter to eight every objective or point sought had been gained.

It had not been intended to make any further assaults that day, but the marines' blood was up, and when the German morale was found to be low, an attack on Torcy and Bouresches (Boo-resch) was ordered for five p. m. Too excited to eat the food brought up to them, all the marines asked for was plenty of ammunition. When

they started they went so fast it was pretty hard work for ordnance companies to keep up to them.

Torcy is a little village near VeUILly Woods. Twenty-five marines drove two hundred Germans out of the town at the point of their bayonets.



© Committee on Public Information

The way old French villages look to our boys

Bouresches is a larger town and an important railroad center. The Germans did not want to lose it. They had mounted their guns in the houses until almost every house seemed to have eyes that winked grimly and mouths that spat fire. Again and again the marines dashed into the town, leaving many of their comrades behind them, until at last Lieut. Robertson forced his way into the centre of Bouresches with what was left of his company. He managed to hold his position there for half an hour though the German guns barked and snarled all about him. Two other companies finally man-

aged to join him. For another hour these three brave companies went about the town stealthily routing out the German gunners. After a time their ammunition ran low and a messenger dashed back for more.

A truck loaded with supplies was started back to Bouresches, Lieut. Donald Moore in charge. It wasn't a pleasant trip, for the German snipers opened fire at him from every hedge but Moore persevered although one successful shot would have blown him and his explosive load to atoms. He distributed the ammunition under fire and when some one congratulated him on his courage, he remarked casually that "luck had been with him."

On the night of June 12th, the Huns decided that they must really get Bouresches back. So terribly did their cannon thunder all night, and so savage did the attack seem to be, that a major was sent over to the town in the morning by the commanding general to find out if the town had been taken.

But before the major from the staff had reached Bouresches, he came across the officer of marines who was entrusted with the town's defense.

"Are the boches in Bouresches?" asked the major anxiously. "Yes, sir," was the calm reply.

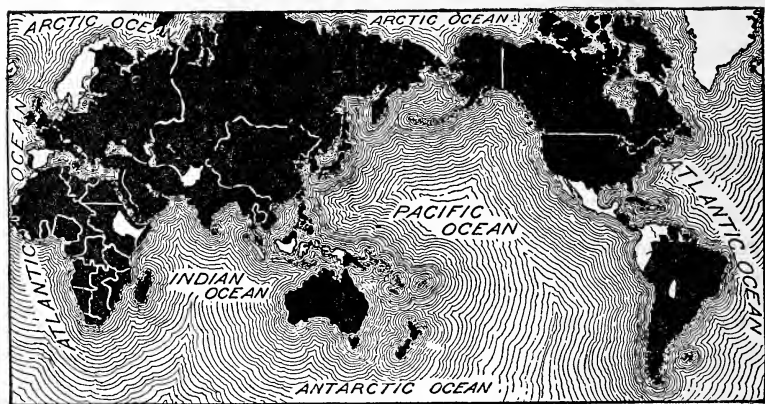
"Wasn't it the positive order that no Germans were to be allowed to remain in Bouresches?" thundered the staff officer. "Yes, sir."

"Then," said the major, "then why are they there?"

"Burying party not yet arrived," was the answer.

He forgot to add that there were also 51 prisoners.

Where the World War Is



Eclipse of peace still white by world war

This map shows all the land and all the seas of the earth except parts around and near the North and South Poles where only a few human beings live.

Every part of the map which is black is the home of people who are taking part in the world war which was started by German war lords in 1914 for the sake of winning lands from other nations.

Only the few small white parts, some of them mere tiny white spots, are not sending soldiers or otherwise taking sides. Three nations, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey are siding with Germany, and all the rest in black are fighting against Germany.

In the map Russia is left black. In spite of the fact that there are treaties between Germany and Russia, it is left black because the treaties were not wanted by the Russians or by the people of new states made out of

old Russia, and because there are revolutions going on all the time within every part of Russia and these new states against German domination.

Most of the actual fighting is now in northeastern and eastern France, the battleground of democracy.

We do not need a map to learn that our own country is at war, for our brothers are in France, Italy or Russia, are preparing to go to these countries, or are patrolling the ocean on our naval ships; our mothers are saving; our fathers are buying Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds; we are all a part of the war and with very few exceptions are doing our part to win the war for our own country, for our Allies, for the small nations, and for Democracy and Justice.

In a democracy like ours, which Lincoln in his Gettysburg speech called "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people," it is necessary that each of us shall know when and why our liberty is in danger, and how we are fighting for it.

We are not fighting for glory; our country prefers the glories of peace.

MY PLEDGE

America shall win the war. Therefore I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost as though the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone. My pledge.—Private Treptow.

From the diary of Private Treptow, a battalion runner, killed by an enemy machine gun when he was almost at his goal, *Stars and Stripes*.

The Five Flags

Up the aisle of the crowded Church, carefully borne, they came,
Each the sign of a nation's soul, vivid as pulsing flame;
Their golden lances held aloft, their billowing colors spread,
With a proud and stately harmony—the Stars and Stripes at their head;
Flag of our very inmost heart, scroll of our deep desire,
With all our strivings and all our hopes written in strokes of fire.
With the sting of tears on our eyelids we watched its splendid grace;
And after it came the symbols each of a strong undaunted race.
Britain, Italy, Belgium, France—oh, the red and the white,
The blue, the green, the black and gold, in the clear heroic light!
Sister nations, fighting all, that all may yet be free;
Five great flags, like the mighty chords of a marching melody.

.

Comrades great, we have heard your call, and the rallying drums that
beat;

We are sick with waiting and longing, we are coming with eager feet!
See, we have stretched our hands to you, ready to strive and die,
As, borne along to our Battle Hymn, the five great flags go by.

—MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

Facing Death on a Hospital Ship

It was a clear and beautiful night. The Llandoverly Castle, hospital ship, with all her lights burning, and the large Red Cross signal showing prominently amidship, was slowly making her way towards the English coast.

On board were ninety-eight doctors and nurses belonging to the Canadian Red Cross. The fate of this hospital ship is here related as it was officially recorded.

Suddenly, without warning, the ship received a staggering blow. Lights went out. Engine room signals were unanswered. Every one realized what had happened. The ship had been torpedoed, and it was quickly evident that she was doomed.

There was no confusion. Those on board had faced death many times, they were prepared to face it now. Calmly they took their places in the lifeboats. Within ten minutes after she had been struck every one had been taken off, and the hospital ship went down.

In one of the boats were fourteen nurses and a crew of eight men in charge of a sergeant. This boat was swept into the whirlpool about the sinking ship and tipped over. Everyone was thrown into the water.

Although the nurses all wore life belts none of them were seen to come to the surface. The sergeant, after sinking three times, managed to clutch a piece of wreckage, until he was picked up by the captain's lifeboat.

Then followed two hours of indescribable misery. The indifference of the Hun to the cries for help coming from all parts of the sea was incredible.

Within twenty minutes the captain's boat dragged eleven persons out of the water.

Further rescues were prevented by the submarine commander who ordered the captain, under peril of instant sinking, to come alongside of the submarine. This the captain did to prevent complete disaster.

The submarine commander then ordered the surrender of eight American aviation officers who, he claimed, were on board. He was assured that there were no officers on board but the ship's own officers and those belonging to the medical corps.

Never have British or American hospital ships carried any military officers or objects. The German commander

did not make this demand in good faith. He did not expect to find any aviation officers on board. He was merely seeking an excuse for the inhuman conduct he planned. The order "spurlos versenkt"—to be sunk without leaving a trace—was to be obeyed.

The only surviving lifeboat, with its twenty-four occupants escaped, almost by a hair's breadth, three attempts to sink it, and one attempt to blow it to pieces.

From one o'clock Thursday, June 27, 1918, and all day Friday until half-past one Saturday morning, those who escaped alternately sailed and rowed until they were within forty miles of the Irish coast. There they were picked up by a British destroyer.



© Committee on Public Information

After the Germans bombed this hospital

Of the ninety-eight doctors and nurses belonging to the medical staff, only six were saved.

The fourteen Canadian nurses who were lost had served months, some of them years, in the danger zone in France. Again and again they had nursed German wounded. They had not only given water and medical aid to parched and bleeding enemies, but they had written down many dying statements of enemy officers and men, and transmitted these to their families through the Red Cross.

It is such atrocities as these which are meant by the two war expressions, "unrestricted U-boat warfare" and "frightfulness" (Schrecklichkeit), which the Germans have added to the dictionary of human experience.

Adapted from *New York Globe*

Five School Days in Bombarded Rheims

A woman school principal of long suffering Rheims kept a diary in which she described the bravery of her children. The following paragraphs are taken from a translation of her diary which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Opening Day: School in Cellar

School opens today after being closed on account of infantile paralysis.

A number of mothers with children of all ages from four to twelve were on hand early in the morning.

Some of the children were dressed up as they used to be on opening day. All were clean and neat. They

seemed glad to be at school again after such a long holiday.

We went into the cellar, where the sessions are to be held. The children were examined rapidly, and divided into three classes. There were 174 present.

How strange it was that first day in the cellar less than two miles from the battle front! From time to time shells passed whistling over our heads, and in the distance always the deep, low rumble of the guns. Supplied with copy books of all sorts, and old books with many pages missing, the children set to work.

It was a beautiful day. The soft beams of the sun shone through the ventilator at one side of the cellar. Kerosene lamps lighted the dark corners. I thought sadly of our rooms above, so large and pretty and so healthy with floods of light pouring in.

A Noonday Bombardment

There were more children present today. It has been a terrible day. For an hour and a half, at noon, the city was bombarded. It had been very quiet during the morning. Suddenly there came the whining of a shell, followed by a terrific explosion. Shells seemed to fall on every side; one fell in the school garden.

We sat huddled together in the center of the cellar.

About half-past one everything was quiet again. We went upstairs and learned that about fifty shells had fallen within a very short distance. Some people were hurt, but no one was killed.

Early Morning Bombardment

This morning, about a quarter to nine, I had nearly reached the school when a shell whistled and fell not far away. The children were playing in the garden. I called all who were there and we went quickly down into the cellar.

The teachers and more children came running in, all out of breath. The shells kept falling in the square near by.

However, we had our lessons. I was thankful when the day was over.

Gas Masks for School Children

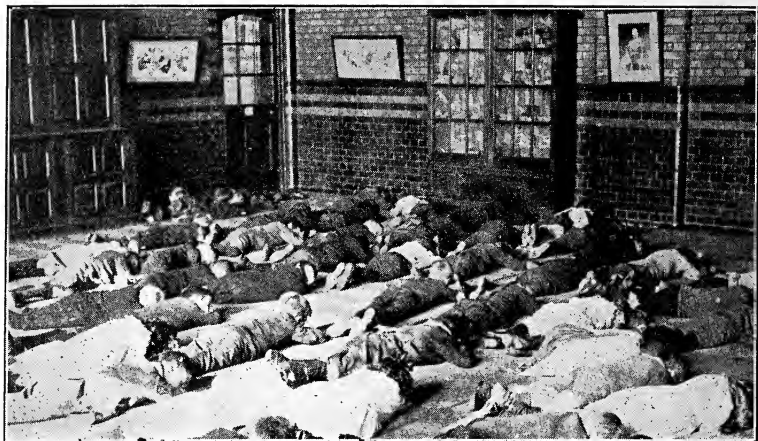
The government has sent gas masks for the children. We spent the greater part of the morning in learning how to put them on quickly and correctly. The children are delighted. They have seen masks hanging from the soldiers' belts. Surely these cannot be for them!

The School Itself Bombarded

We had 255 pupils present today. School began at half-past eight. This day will remain as one of the most memorable in all the dreadful time through which we are passing.

I was having a lesson in oral arithmetic when one of the teachers who had remained upstairs came rushing down the stairway crying, "The bombardment is close by!"

"See that all the children are in the cellar," I replied. I was not greatly excited because we have had so many bombardments which have not reached the school.



©International Film Service

Air raid drill by London school children

But suddenly a terrific noise deafens us: two shells have fallen in a house near by! The little ones began to tremble and cry. Then came a tremendous crash right over our heads, and the noise of shattered glass.

A shell has fallen on the building! The little children are terrified and begin to shriek, but the bigger ones comfort them, and try to quiet them. We gather close together. By and by when they see that they are safe they become quiet. A few little girls keep on sobbing.

"You must not cry any more," I say, "you are safe now."

But holding me by the hand, one says, "Mamma will be killed, she has no cellar."

And another sobbed, "Papa is working in the square. He will not have time to run."

We try to assure them, and gradually the sobbing ceases.

The bombardment lasted two hours. It seemed very long to us. But the children soon lost their fears. So far as they were concerned the bombardment had come as a surprise, it ended by amusing them. They were soon asking to go upstairs to see what had happened.

At last about twenty minutes past two all is quiet; I decide to dismiss the children. They are to start in groups, five minutes apart; go as quickly as possible through the streets; if they hear the hissing of a shell they are to lie flat on the ground. The children are quite calm but they realize the seriousness of the situation.

At the door we found a number of parents hurrying to get their children. Sending the older children by themselves, I start off with the little ones.

But they have been brave, the children, very brave, following the example of their fathers in the trenches. With such children France cannot perish.

Adapted from article by N. Forsant in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress? There shall be a common standard of right and privilege, answers our President

The Red Cross Spirit Speaks

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
 The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
 What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
 Or solace give.

 . . .
I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
 Of pain afar;
I am *you*, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
 Your avatar.

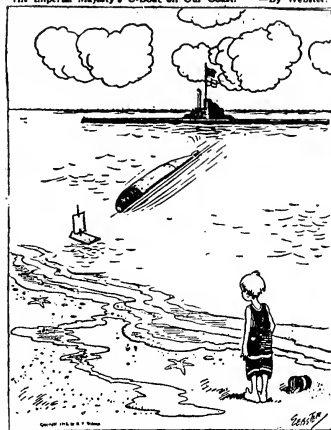
 . . .
—JOHN H. FINLEY

From Red Cross Magazine

The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those [the autocracy] who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.—Our President

A Story in Cartoon

His Imperial Majesty's U-Boat on Our Coast. — By Webster.



The title of this picture is His Imperial Majesty's U-Boat on Our Coast. Not far from the small boy and the star fish, you can see the U-Boat, which is the name given to Germany's diving war boats.

The tiny little sailboat is like those which all children love to make who live near a stream, lake or ocean.

Coming toward the child's sailboat is the deadly torpedo which as you see is quite different from the torpedoes which we are allowed to shoot as part of our Fourth of July celebration. This torpedo is meant to destroy and not merely to make a noise and furnish amusement.

To shoot them, diving war boats or U-Boats or submarines must first come to the surface. The torpedo is sent through the water a little below the surface, two miles, or one mile, or half a mile in the hope that it will destroy a ship.

It was such a German torpedo that sank the Lusitania on May 7, 1915, and sent 1,154 human beings, including 114 Americans, to the bottom of the sea, contrary to the laws and practices of civilized warfare.

The sailboat in the picture is only a toy sailboat. It will be destroyed but its destruction will do nobody any good.

This picture was made the day after our newspapers announced that German U-Boats had sunk several small fishing boats on our coast. They were real boats belonging to real fishermen. Their destruction did harm but the boats were not worth as much as the torpedoes which destroyed them.

It was to show how useless such warfare is that the newspaper picture was drawn.

Pictures like this which appear in magazines and newspapers are called cartoons. The person who draws them is called a cartoonist. He has much influence, because many of us are more interested in pictures than in words, and almost all of us like pictures containing the good-natured exaggeration or over-statement which is said to be the chief sign of American humor.

To put a stop to the influence of a famous Belgian cartoonist, the German kaiser offered a reward for his capture or death.

Cartoon from *New York Globe*

Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force, or by their own will and choice? By their own will and choice, answers our President

Old Tom Nurses His Master

For six months Capt. Ed and his horse Tom had been almost inseparable. They were together every day, all day and sometimes all night. They understood each other perfectly.

Then came the move to the front and Capt. Ed did not get much chance to ride. There was other work to be done in the batteries trained against the Germans, and Capt. Ed was in the thick of it.

One day, during the time the German shells were falling heavily round our guns, he was obliged to go out into the open to give orders to his men. A shell dropped near, exploded, and a splinter tore the captain's chest.

Three days later he was in the hospital, within the sound of his own guns, and declared to be in a dangerous condition. It was feared that Captain Ed would die.

One morning he called the nurse.

"Nurse," he whispered, "I'd like to see old Tom once again."

The nurse spoke to the ward doctor, and the doctor spoke to the surgeon in charge, and the surgeon telephoned to the artillery headquarters. Soon an orderly came galloping up the road and dismounted.

"Here's the captain's horse," he said. "The captain wants to see him."

The orderly and horse were led round to the side of the long, low building. Three windows down they stopped. The orderly looked in, and saw his captain lying in a cot just inside.

"Good morning, captain," he said. "I've brought old Tom around."

The wounded captain's face broke into a smile.

"Have him stick his head in," he ordered faintly.

Old Tom had heard his master's voice and without urging he stuck his head in the window.

There was his master lying flat on his back, a bandage round his head, where a little bit of rock had hit it, and pinned to the pillow of his cot a little bronze cross suspended from a green and red ribbon—the Croix de Guerre.

For half an hour the wounded man talked to his horse, calling him "Old Tom" and "Old Man," and feebly stroking the animal's soft nose.

And old Tom understood, for he kept his nose as close as possible, and stood perfectly still. He only moved once or twice, and then it was to rub his nose against his master's palm.

The surgeon standing near motioned the orderly after a while, and the horse's head was withdrawn from the window, and the orderly rode him away towards the batteries.

The captain watched them from the window and then said: "I guess if old Tom comes to see me every day I ought to be moving round in a week or two."

So old Tom—he isn't the kind of horse that the army calls an "artillery plug," he's a real American horse and looks it—became a regular visitor at the hospital until his master and friend recovered.

How Our Boys Go to Battle

After a long night trip of broken, jolting sleep on the straw-covered floor of a cattle truck, you detrain at a tiny depot, of which you know nothing except that it is "somewhere in France."

If you are lucky there will be coffee in the station canteen. More likely you munch a biscuit or sandwich, and get a drink of water from your own bottle.

In the misty twilight that comes before dawn, you pile yourself and your equipment into a big square camion, whose canvas cover is camouflaged with patches of green and brown.



© Committee on Public Information

An American army kitchen in France

With hundreds of companions you sleep some, waking now and then as a bigger bump than usual disturbs you.

About eight o'clock there may be a halt, for the field kitchens to hurry out a good breakfast of cocoa, st w

and bread, or just coffee and bread if you have been brought up to a French breakfast.

After that the journey is a nightmare of dust and heat. So thick is the dust you can hardly distinguish more than one or two of the long line of camions in front of you.

You jog along at some five miles an hour until noon, when there is another halt for dinner, and perhaps a half hour's rest in a dusty meadow by the roadside.

In the afternoon there is more dust, and worse heat. You think that you could not be more uncomfortable, but you are mistaken, for about four o'clock the camion enters a road that runs through a forest as dark and dense as an African jungle. Thence through the dusk you dimly see ambulances flit past; or camions rumbling heavily, like your own, some empty, others bearing wounded on stretchers arranged crosswise. There are high-powered staff cars, also weary plodding infantry, or cavalry trotting on sweating horses. A line of prisoners passes, shabby and dejected; and mule teams, whose steeds and drivers alone seem to have energy to show bad temper towards every one.

Now and then at a cross road, there is a tie up, quickly disentangled by a curt Frenchman or a big Irishman whose instructions are snapped out in good plain English.

Suddenly you are startled by a terrific burst of sound, seemingly right above your head. The first shock passes, you realize that it is only a big gun talking to

the boche ten miles away, and not an air bomb or a German shell, as you at first imagined.

At last you reach the outskirts of the forest and you leap gladly from the camion for the evening meal.

You pass the night in a little wood, and this time sleep soundly, untroubled by the cannon that booms continually.

If the unit is to "go in" immediately, you are awakened the next morning while it is still dark for a hurried meal. After eating your breakfast you feel more cheerful. Then comes the final march for battle. You swing forward in the cool twilight, your nervousness mixed with thrill of excitement. You know you will do your utmost, so will the companions beside you do their utmost. And may the right be victorious!

From New York Times

"The Wood of the Americans"

Ever since the marines had taken Bouresches on Thursday, June 6th, they had tried in vain to rush Belleau Wood, which in their hurry to advance they had left untaken behind them. This wood which is on top of a steep and broad plateau was considered by the Germans to be practically impossible to take.

But it is part of the marine's business to do the impossible. After four days of effort to drive out this nest of Huns the marines decided that they had stood enough.

On Sunday morning they pointed the artillery at Belleau Wood and all Sunday night the big shells kept

pounding in among the trees. At three o'clock on Monday morning the fire stopped and the marines began. They found that the edge of Belleau Wood upon the hillslope was mostly destroyed by the shells. Here there was little left to stop them and they rushed on. Deeper in the wood the Germans made a stand, but the marines rooted them out of their machine gun nests with bombs and bayonets.

On through the tangle of underbrush and fallen trees the marines chased the enemy; just as Morgan's Riflemen chased the Hessians in our Revolution. With the inherited cunning of the frontiersman, the Americans dodged behind trees, their deadly accuracy in shooting long distances making the Huns run faster and faster before them.

Soon they had reached the northern edge of the wood where at once, with the help of the engineers, they began to raise a strong defense against German counter-attacks. The hill of Belleau was now surrounded and no matter in which direction the Germans rushed, they found themselves confronted by American machine guns.

There had been 1,200 Germans in Belleau Wood that morning, but when the marines had finished "mopping up" there were just 311 left—and they were prisoners.

The Germans had belonged to the Fifth Guard Division, which was supposed to be one of the Kaiser's crack corps. . . . The victory was completed June 26.

The next day, June 27, the President of France unexpectedly visited the American battlefield. He had

come to congratulate the Americans on their splendid work. The whole Belleau Wood and ridge operations were, he said, peculiarly American in plan and execution and that *henceforth, in memory of the fighting done there Belleau Wood should be known as The Wood of the Americans.*

A Soldier-Made Decoration

The clipping which is here quoted was sent for use in this reader by a distinguished army officer who says the team spirit—*esprit de corps*—of the marines is a model for other soldiers, and for civilian teams, too.

Special to The New York Times

Washington, Aug. 25. — Wounded marines who return from France will receive a "salute" from their comrades, whether entitled to it by regulations or not. This custom of saluting the wounded enlisted men originated among the marines themselves. . . .

Three marines out walking met a private who was hobbling along on crutches, having lost a leg in service in France. The three stopped and saluted, paying an instinctive tribute to the wounded veteran. This was the beginning of a custom that is gaining so rapidly that it was brought to the attention of General Barnett, who said:

"It is a beautiful tribute to the spirit which prompted the wounded man's sacrifice, and I readily give my approval. While no official order will be issued on the subject, I shall be glad to see the members of the Marine Corps thus show respect to their wounded comrades."

The wounded man will not be expected to return the salute, a nod of the head, a smile, or the mere recognition of the fact that he is being saluted being sufficient acknowledgment.

A Captured American Escapes

This is the story of Private Donahue. It is the story of a young marine who in the midst of a confused and savage midnight skirmish on the edge of a ravine up Torcy way, northwest of Chateau Thierry, vanished from the ranks of his company and was not seen again until eight days later when, hungry, dirty, tired, sore and happy, he crawled into the American lines at dawn.

How he got into "Germany" he is not sure. He remembers a rush of troops in the dark and a blow over the head. The next thing he remembers he was lying on the ground outside a candle-lit tent.

There was a nightmare scuffle and bustle going on around him. It was still dark. His rifle was gone. His clothes had been ripped open and his pockets emptied. As he found out later, they had taken everything, his dog-tag, his note-book full of his thoughts on war, his money, his letters and clippings and snapshots from home.

Some one was standing over him, speaking to him in passable English. It was a German officer—a lieutenant, he thought. He scrambled to his feet. The lieutenant eyed him sternly.

"How many Americans are over there?"

The young marine, as though he had been rehearsed in the part for weeks, looked his captor square in the eye and answered:

"Thirty-two American divisions and forty French."

“Schweiner” (Schwyner, piggish,) shouted the lieutenant. “Amerikaner, schwyner Amerikaner!”

The refrain was caught up by the underlings who rushed him away. Of all the jabber that reached his ears during the next few days that was what he heard oftenest. It was all he understood. It was the favorite form of address used by the weary succession of guards put over him.

As he was the only prisoner in sight—the only American save for five or six wounded Yanks he once saw carried past him on stretchers—he was not sent directly to the rear, but was passed back from group to group and made to work his way.

From sun-up to sun-down he worked with the camouflage men, masking batteries, cutting branches and piling bough on bough of leafy green to screen the roadside heaps of ammunition boxes.

He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time an unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of coarse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitating slowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him.

Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the patch of wood on the edge of which they had turned in. By the

moonlight that filtered down through the branches he could see the guard's head nodding, nodding. He itched to get his hands on the rifle, but the guard was holding it upright between his knees as a sort of prop. Donahue was afraid even to try to disengage it.

He groped about for a weapon. His hand landed on the short, light end of a broken pick-handle. It wouldn't do. He looked for the other piece, found it, hefted it. It would do—and it did do away with the guard.

All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of them. He had heard the unintelligible, gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk as they settled down for the night. He bumped into more than one of them, but they only grunted and swore while he held his breath, and, after a time, crept on. After a journey that seemed to last hours and must have lasted at least ten minutes, he reached the edge of the woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing reply to the Allied shells which whirred nasally overhead in an unending chorus. Gun-fire is as good as a compass. It was easy enough to take his bearings and, though he could only guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometres away, perhaps not that far if the men had advanced any in the interval.

He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

All that night he crept along—hugging the hedge-rows and the shadows, stopping to listen, lying still as death when soldiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly oat-field, with the grain standing straight around him so that no one would notice him from the field's edge.



© Committee on Public Information

Barbed wire and water do not stop tanks

Several times some soldiers made short cuts across, and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another, trotted so near that they all but trampled him under foot.

But the only ones who found him were the dogs, and they did not tell. Twice a shaggy Red Cross dog, with its first aid pack and food strapped to its back, proudly tracked the worried Donahue to his hiding place, flourished enthusiastically around him, and threatened to bring him succor willy-nilly. He longed to rifle its packs and eat again, but each time he only lay quiet and prayed for the amiable dog to be off.

It was toward the end of the second night that the young marine, creeping up the side of a ravine, was stopped in his tracks by the voice of a sentry.

“Halt!”

It was the word he had been sick with fear he should hear during two interminable nights, but when he finally heard it the voice was an American voice.

“I’m an American,” he answered, and investigated to see what it felt like to stand up once more. “Where’s brigade headquarters?”

A little later, after a stolen nap under cover of two discarded potato sacks and a sunrise breakfast at the field kitchen of another regiment, he was telling brigade headquarters all about it.

After that he told his story to every one, from the credulous cook to the imposing beings who questioned him at French headquarters. He had kept his eyes open, and he had information to give that can hardly be set forth here.

His audiences were not without their doubters, but these had not much to say when the report came back

from the French that Private Donahue's account of his eight days was packed with detail that could not possibly have been furnished except by one who had actually journeyed some miles into "Germany."

From *The Stars and Stripes*

The Way to Win

The following verses, written by S. W. McGill, were given to the editor of *Trench and Camp* by a lieutenant colonel of the British army, who said he caused a copy to be placed in the hands of every soldier coming under his command.

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow.
Think small and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

A French Girl's Idea of America

During four years of the great world war which began in 1914 and which Germany started in the hope of enriching herself at the expense of other nations, parts of France and all of Belgium were held as captive territory by German armies.

School children in these captured regions saw German armies come and destroy with sword, cannon, gas and fire. Before their eyes their homes were shot to pieces, their older sisters were taken to Germany for hard work in fields or factories; their food was eaten by Germans; in the skies above their heads they saw German airplanes bringing death and destruction.

When these children asked why the Germans were so cruel, they were given the true answer, namely, *German boys and girls have been taught in their schools that when nations deal with one another might makes right, force is greater than justice, and war for more power is more glorious than fair dealing with neighbor nations.*

Naturally with war about them, the topic of conversation was war. When homes have just been destroyed or are in danger of being destroyed it is natural that children and parents should talk of the destroyer.

Naturally, too, children were asked to write school essays about the thing which was filling their lives.

One French girl of twelve wrote an essay about the difference between the aims of the Germans and their Allies—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—called the Central Powers, because they are in central Europe,

and the aims of France and her Allies, including our own country. She wrote of the German armies on one side of a tiny river called the Yser (eez-er), of the French and British on the other, and of our nation three thousand miles away.

This is what the French girl wrote: .

It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

The ocean is so vast that the seagulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side of the ocean to the other hearts are touching.

The governments of Germany and Austria have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants and accept no principle but force and their own interest

The price of peace is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed.—Our President

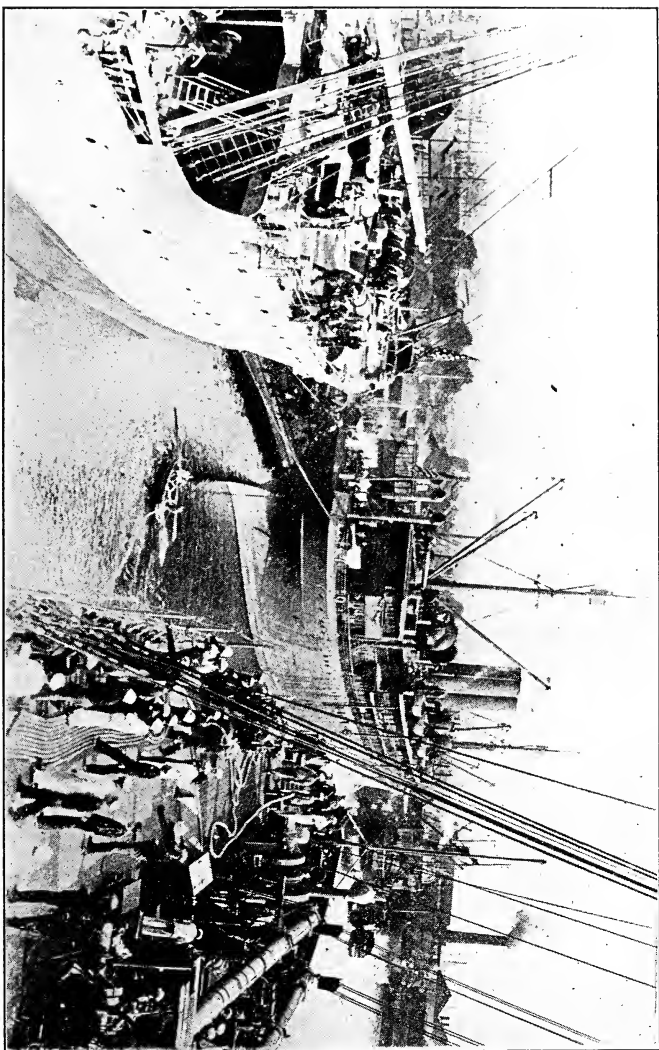
Our Engineers in France

Before our National Army had even begun to drill, our engineers were in France, building railroads, highways and hospitals; looking after the water supply; mining; surveying, and setting machinery were only a few of the things they had to do.

The railroaders worked steadily repairing the shell-torn roads of France and building new tracks from the sea to the American front. The first American locomotive to go over the tracks had a most triumphal progress right across France. Its sides were hung with garlands, like a Roman conqueror of old, and its bell never ceased ringing until the engineer discovered that a bell in France is a signal for a gas attack, and that if he obliged his audiences to wear gas masks continually, they would not be able to see his proud engine so well.

Once our railroaders had the task of taking up bodily a railroad in England and laying it in France.

A regiment of lumber men worked day and night to supply the American army with the lumber it needed. Two hundred thousand feet were sawed up every day. A regiment of construction men turned the lumber into huts for soldiers, gigantic warehouses, refrigerating plants, hospitals and stores. Whole cities sprung up over night. The great docks that line our base in French harbors were made over here and taken piecemeal across the ocean.



Unloading at an American dock in France

© Committee on Public Information

The extent of this work may be realized when we remember that Congress appropriated \$25,000,000 for one base alone.

Foresters have begun to restore the mutilated forests. Where they could not save the battered trees they planted new seedlings. They also bandage together the fruit trees which the Huns sawed apart and in many cases their surgery has saved the tree.

By experimenting the engineers have discovered that the French farmers need have no fear in turning up unexploded shells with ploughs. This has done much to restore interest in farming. It is also comforting to know that the great shells have done no harm to the soil. They have only scattered the top layer, and after the war, the tanks' tractor will be just the thing for ploughing up the shell-torn ground.

The first engineers to go over carried with them several American inventions. One was a searchlight, mounted on a collapsible tower. This light enabled gangs of men to work at night. They also brought trench digging machines. A trench digger consists of a continuous belt of buckets, mounted on a tractor, and capable of scooping up, with a crew of five men to direct its movements, as much earth as a hundred men could shovel in the same time.

Mining engineers, too, have their work to do. Fighting today is carried on in the air, on the ground and under the ground. "Sappers," the human moles of the army are called. They burrow down under the enemy's



© Brown Brothers

As trenches look from the air

trenches and then blow them up. At Messines Ridge the British engineers blew up a whole hill. One of the sapper tunnels now in France is 1,663 feet long.

Bridge builders have been busy. In following up the German retreat from the Vesle (Vale) to the Aisne (Ane) the bridges across the Vesle were of highest importance. The engineers had made a detailed examination of both banks of the river, often under fire. They made maps showing every rock and tree, and places where the banks were marshy and impassable for guns, and places where the earth was firm and adaptable for bridges.

The bridge builders knew exactly where to throw their bridges. No time was lost. The main body of the troops were able to keep up close to the heels of and support the smaller advance detachments. Supplies of food, water and ammunition were rushed across without delay to the fighting men.

"Skyographers" have also gone over. They are men whose work is to decipher or interpret photographs taken from aeroplanes. A picture taken from a swiftly moving airplane up in the air several hundred or several thousand feet is quite different from one taken with a stationary camera within ten feet of a stationary object. What seems to the untrained eye only a white speck or lines that cross one another is recognized by the skyographer as a big cannon or airdrome.

The signal engineers have a dangerous job. They advance with the vanguard of the army and string their telephone wires right under the enemy's eyes. The signal corps are the ears of the army.



©Underwood & Underwood

Testing the "ears of the army"

The engineers who put together our big guns must be men of muscle and of brain. In one of our big guns there are 7,990 parts. The fitting together of all these pieces is a big job and a delicate one.

Our engineers have also proved they can put up a stiff fight when called upon. It was a company of our engineers that dropped picks and shovels when the British General Carey was trapped, and helped him hold the enemy for several days until reinforcements arrived.

When the English General Byng broke through the German lines at Cambrai our engineers were with him.

They found part of a German railroad and hitched it up with their own for eight miles. These engineers proudly claim that they made the first link with Berlin!

The 11th New York Engineers were working just a mile and a half behind the British front line trenches. The day after Thanksgiving they heard the sound of heavy firing. They did not think anything of that, however, for they were accustomed to working under fire. Suddenly a barrage began to envelop them. They did not want to think the Germans were coming for they had work to do, but the barrage began to drive the fact home with deadly force.

When the officers realized that it was indeed the boche their first thought was for their men. Lt. Holstrom collected such of his company as he could and brought them back to safety. The others of the company crawled into dugouts or a sunken road to escape the raking fire.

Just as Holstrom reached safety with his men, a brother lieutenant staggered back with the news that a soldier wounded by a shell was lying out in the open. Holstrom at once dashed back with a sergeant to rescue their comrade. They not only saved their friend, but they returned again under heavy fire to save a wounded Tommy.

So, while not classified as fighting troops, the engineers have more than once taken guns and given "Fritz" a little entertainment. It was after such an occasion that an American Major General inspected one of the battalions of the regiment.

This battalion had been attached, at different times, to both the French and the English. Repairing and constructing roads, buildings bridges or digging tunnels is not easy on the clothing. As a man needed something new he was supplied by the quartermaster of the regiment with which or behind which he happened to be working. Many wardrobes had been increased also by articles gathered here and there without favor from French colonial troops, Portuguese and Chinese.

When the engineers lined up for the inspection some had American sombreros or steel helmets, and others wore French and English headgear of various types. There were men with leather puttees, men with spirals, men with canvas leggings and men with no leggings. One corporal sported a pair of rubber boots. There was a great variety also of breeches and blouses and even arms.

The general alighted from his automobile for the inspection, and after one glance at the troops, restrained, with obvious difficulty, some strange emotion. He gathered himself together, however, and made his tour of the ranks, pausing just once before a tall private who was dressed in the contributions of four armies and carried a French rifle, minus a breech bolt.

"Can't shoot Germans with that," said the major general.

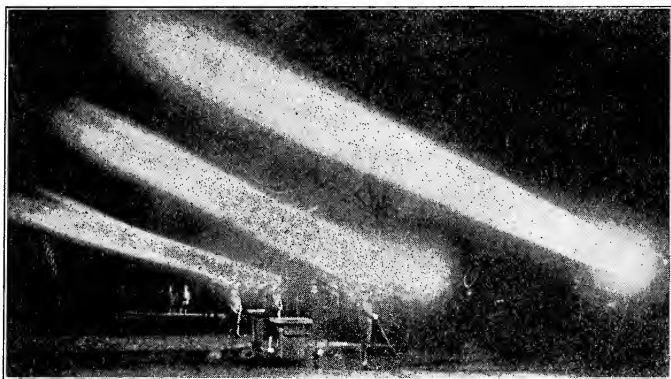
"No, sir," agreed the private, "but you can harpoon 'em."

After the inspection the major general made a little speech. It was as follows:

"I want to compliment you men on what you have done. From all I hear, you have been doing wonderful work, work beyond mere verbal praise. But I want to say that there hasn't been a stranger looking battalion of soldiers since Villa's Bandits."

Since then these engineers have been known as Villa's Bandits.

Adapted from New York *Sun*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *World*



© Committee on Public Information

One signal corps at work

The final peace must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned.—Our President

A War Cabinet in Schools

Chicago, our second largest city, has a great war museum where war wonders of every kind are exhibited.

In this museum are shown great cannon that shoot twenty miles; aeroplanes which fly five miles high; tanks with the caterpillar wheels which walk and fall over ditches, through barbed wire fences and over machine gun nests, as though they were on a level road with nothing in the way; caps, helmets, gas masks, cannon and letters captured from the Germans; anything and everything which has to do with the world war.

Great cities can have cannon, airships, tanks in places big enough to show them and to hold the throngs of visitors which wish to see them.

Smaller cities can easily have less ambitious museums which tell the story of their part in the war and which exhibit objects of special interest.

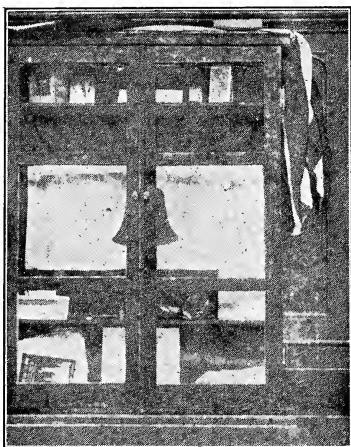
Because no community is without war sacrifice, war heroes and courageous patriotism, it is possible for all to have a war cabinet.

In one school on an island near a great city is the war cabinet here photographed. It was unveiled and dedicated at graduation exercises in June, 1918.

For this war cabinet, pupils and parents of the neighborhood are collecting souvenirs of the battlefield, posters used in Red Cross and Thrift Stamp drives, interesting letters from neighborhood boys and former graduates of the school who have gone overseas, mementoes of every kind which will show the part the school has taken in

the war and the events which have been of most interest to the school.

The war cabinet was made by the children in the school workshop. Photographs of alumni who are now at the front, relics of the war such as a hand grenade, an airplane bomb, darts, and articles used by the local exemption board, were brought by pupils and first placed in the cabinet.



A war record of activities of the children since the war began with banners and medals awarded to the school for excellent patriotic service was also stored in the cabinet.

At the unveiling, a Boy Scout representing the army and a Junior Naval Reserve representing the navy, stood at the sides of the cabinet which was draped with the

national colors, while a girl in Red Cross costume recited the following dedication:

We, the children of Public School 8, in the Borough of Richmond, City of New York, assembled at our graduating exercises, on Thursday, June 27, 1918, do unveil this War Cabinet, containing records, photographs of our boys at the front, banners, and other articles connected with the World War for Democracy, in order that the school children of the coming generations may look upon these tokens as mementoes of the crisis through which our beloved country was passing at the time that we went to school.

The Doughboy

A doughboy is an American soldier, and American soldiers, infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department, signal corps sharps, officers and men alike, all are called doughboys. Our cartoonist is one, so is General Pershing.

The term "doughboys" dates back to the Civil War when army wit was aroused by large globular brass buttons on infantry uniforms.

Somebody (he must have been a sailor) dubbed the buttons "doughboys" because they reminded him of the boiled dumplings of raised dough served in ships' messes and known to all sailors as doughboys.

Originally it referred only to an enlisted infantryman, but the A. E. F. applies it to all branches and all grades of the service.

American Heroes of the Marne

Directly after the early successes of the Germans in the second battle of the Marne the Americans were forced back on Condé-en-Brie (Coan-day-ong-bree).

The French commander informed the American general that it was perfectly well understood that his troops had fought hard, contesting every foot of the German advance, and, as the result of the battle was in no way imperiled, it was not expected that a counter-attack would be launched immediately. He therefore suggested an hour's rest for the troops.

This is the answer sent back by the American general:

We regret being unable, on this occasion, to follow the counsels of our masters the French, but the American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable and none of our soldiers would understand not being asked to do whatever is necessary to repair a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counterattack.

The American counter-attack was not only launched, but the lost ground was recovered with the gain of an additional half-mile for good measure. This was on July 15, and the American doughboys have fully justified their commander's estimate of their fighting spirit, for the Huns ever since have been on the retreat before the fierce-fighting, hard-hitting "handful of undisciplined Americans."

Many thrilling stories are constantly coming from the front telling of the heroic acts of Uncle Sam's boys

in stemming the desperate drive of the Germans and turning it into an Allied victory.

Three Americans captured a German boat east of Chateau Thierry and rowed across the Marne under cover of darkness before the German retreat began.

They hid in bushes during the day, exploring the banks and discovering enemy machine guns. Then they re-entered the boat and pushed their explorations further. The Germans discovered them and opened an intense machine-gun fire. The Americans escaped by diving overboard and swimming, half the time under the surface.

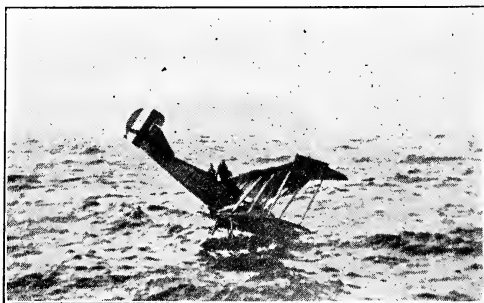
The next night they led a strong patrol of their pals across and extended their investigations, obtaining valuable information concerning the disposition of German units.

An artillery company ran out of ammunition. Volunteers were called for to go over a three mile stretch of shell-swept road for a fresh supply. Every man volunteered, and when the needed number were selected they drove their galloping horses, attached to bounding caissons, through a rain of shells. Several of the animals were killed, and on the return trip the number of horses was so greatly reduced by the raking fire that the men were forced to cut the dead and wounded beasts free from their harnesses and, taking the traces themselves, dash along beside the still uninjured animals.

The accuracy of aim acquired by Private Book Hill, while hunting squirrels in the woods around Gadsden, Ala., was satisfactorily tested when thirty-eight Taubes (Tow-bes, dove shaped German airplanes) in squadron formation, began to sweep the American trenches in the Argonne (Are-gun). The Alabama squirrel sniper was called upon by Lieut. Stephen Townsend to prove his vaunted marksmanship. He did.

Hill jumped on the parapet with his automatic rifle, and the second shot out of the clip hit a pilot and brought down the machine.

This record of bringing down a plane with a rifle was tied a few minutes later by Private Matthew Foody, of New York, who also brought down one with his automatic rifle. These exploits are said to be unprecedented, and both the men were cited in French Army orders.



© Underwood & Underwood

A German airplane captured by Americans on the Adriatic Sea

Despite the efforts of the German officers to impress upon their men that the Americans were not worth considering the boches have adopted a new cry. Private Francis D. Hallock tells how French dragoons drove a German major and several hundred men out of a grove near Ploisy (Plaw-zi). All hands were in the air, says Hallock, and the men were yelling: "Americans! Kamerad!"

In the case of a recaptured American tank, however, the Germans were not given an opportunity to practice their new yell.

Private William Cunningham, of Perkinston, Miss., described how part of his squad recaptured a tank and turned the machine guns on the Germans.

"The tank," he said, "had been stalled, and the Germans, driving out the French, had taken possession and were working the machine guns at one end against our men. Two of us slipped around the tank, and the fellow with me unstrapped a pickaxe which he carried on his back for digging-in purposes. With this he pried open the iron door on the side of the machine and another man threw in a grenade, killing or wounding all the Germans. We then unstrap the guns and carried them along."

An American battery on the banks of the Marne had shelled the Germans for seventy-two hours. The American battery was in the open, and of the thirty enemy batteries which were located in the sector, five were concentrating their fire on the American battery.



© Committee on Public Information

Hiding a big American gun in France

During the first hour of the bombardment every telephone wire in the sector was cut by German shells. This meant that the battery was left without means of communicating with the American infantry whom it had to support. The infantry was in the river valley below.

A young lieutenant volunteered to restore the liaison, or connection, himself. Taking a horse he rode down to the river, through the German barrage and back.

During the night he galloped sixteen times between the battery and the river, always under fire. He had eight horses shot under him, and on the last journey he himself was shot in the knee. But he succeeded! At no time was the infantry left unsupported by the battery.

Lt. Martin Wheeler had a platoon at an advanced post which was surrounded on all sides. He ordered his men to lie down in the trenches while he scouted along until he found a path. Sending his men ahead, he took a rifle himself and came last protecting the retreat while

the Germans were trying to close in on them. He brought all his men back in safety.

An observer in a front trench was noted by his comrades in the trench behind. His head was visible over the trench parapet, because only by so exposing himself could he watch the enemy. Every second of such exposure meant that he took a chance on death.

A shell came along and cut down a tree near by. It fell right across him, we thought, but after a moment his head reappeared in the same place, with the tree trunk a foot above it. The tree had lodged on a rock. He stayed there for an hour and kept us correctly informed. When the fight slackened he sent back a runner:

"Pass the word," said the runner, "that the forward observer asks to be relieved for a few minutes to get a breath of air."

Heroism? There is no end of heroism.

Lt. McVickers of the artillery went over the top with the infantry and established himself in a tall tree in advance of our line in spite of a dozen boche snipers. He struck matches repeatedly in order to see his instruments. Finally they got a machine gun turned upon him but he had finished, so he scrambled down coolly and walked away.

Private J. W. Miley was publicly mentioned for his bravery, coolness, and persistence. An overloaded ration cart broke down under a barrage. He stopped to make temporary repairs, and, thinking all of the time of his hungry comrades in the trenches, he continued

risking his life every minute until he delivered his supplies in the darkness and returned.

An exploding shell buried a doughboy so that only his head showed above the dirt. His struggles to extricate himself only exhausted him.

Along came a pal on his way to a dressing station, with a dangerous head wound. This second doughboy stopped and began digging out the buried man. Finally his strength failed him and he fell unconscious. He recovered somewhat and resumed his digging.

"You go and get your wound dressed; it's more serious than my trouble," the buried doughboy declared. "Some one will find me."

The other refused to go and fell unconscious again. At last his companion, by persistence and ingenuity, managed to extricate himself. Although suffering from a badly wounded arm, he dragged his pal back to the dressing station. Twice on the way they were bowled over by exploding shells.

Chaplain Bingham lost his way and was captured by four Germans. They stripped him of his buttons and silver crosses and sent him to the rear escorted by two Germans.

One of these men became most insulting. He said with a sneer, that he would not walk behind any American. Both called the chaplain vile names as they walked ahead.

The chaplain, enraged by this treatment, seized the rifle of one captor and knocked him on the side of the



©Committee on Public Information

head. The other one he shot. Then he returned safely to the American lines, where he was christened "the fighting parson."

At headquarters the commanding officer with a map in front of him, and his ear at the telephone gave out curt commands. Orderlies rushed in and out. "A message from Captain Williams," said one of the aids. The messenger was a mere boy, yet his pallid, grimy face was stern under the steel helmet as he stood erect and soldier-like in front of the colonel. The commanding officer took the message, read it and started to give an order, but checked himself, as he happened to glance at the boy.

"My boy, how long have you been without eating?" he asked.

"Forty-eight hours, sir," replied the boy, collapsing and breaking into tears from nervousness.

"Get something to eat here and take a sleep," said the colonel. "You need not go back."

"No, sir, if you please," declared the boy, as he pulled himself to his feet again. "My company is up there in that woods fighting hard, and I am going back to it."

The boy was Bugler McIlroy.

The American officers found it difficult to hold back their men, who seemed not to be content unless they were constantly moving on the enemy. They were all headed for Berlin. Regimental commanders were forced to send out couriers to call back some units, and in one case a company got so far ahead of schedule that an airplane had to be sent with a restraining message.

Illustrating the spirit of the troops, a United Press correspondent at American Headquarters near Soissons (Swah-song) wrote the New York Evening World:

When the attack was being planned Wednesday night, a certain American General suggested that his troops should advance to a certain point.

"I fear it would be inadvisable," said his superior. "You can't go that far."

"We can't!" exploded the General. "Any place I ask my boys to go they'll go!"

A special correspondent of the New York Times, shortly after the German drive had been checked and the boys from the United States were nailing down

their gains, asked a French high officer what he thought of the conduct of the American troops. This was his reply:

“They have covered themselves with glory! They are glorious!”

Adapted from *The Literary Digest*, *New York Evening World*,
Globe, *Sun*, *Times*

The Yankee Smile

“Over there they remark that our fellows are always smiling.”—Irvin S. Cobb, war correspondent.

Over the sea they go with a smile,
Never a thought of fear!
While fond hearts follow them, mile by mile,
Blessing, and prayer, and tear.

Into the camp they go with a smile
And a friendly helping hand,
And a bit of a song, in soldier style,
To hearten the waiting band.

Into the trench they go with a smile,
Like the warmth of an unseen light,
With whispered story or jest to wile
The weary watch of the night.

Into the fight they go with the smile
Of a courage half divine,
Whether they march in rank and file
Or ride at the head of the line.

Always smiling, come good or ill!
In the battle's smoke and noise,
Facing death—they are smiling still,
Our glorious Yankee Boys!

—MADELINE BRIDGES.

Reprinted from *Life* of August 8, 1918. Copr. Life Pub. Co.

An American Heroine in France

It was in France the day after a great battle. A relief squad of American girls was hurrying for immediate service behind the battle front. Trim and neat in their khaki uniforms, they marched along the broad highway following the ambulance corps with which they were detailed.

Halt! Something had happened up front. Every girl in the squad craned her neck to its limit—just as they used to do when something happened to stop the school parade. But this was worse than anything that had ever happened at home. Their columns now were out on a very different kind of march. Every moment's delay of ambulances, doctors and nurses meant prolonged suffering, even death, to men who were waiting for them, calling and praying for them up ahead.

One of the girls, who had been accustomed to leading lines of march at home, began to think of what would have been done if a fire had broken out in the big school back home. She found herself slipping through the lines of her comrades, then through the precise columns of Canadian infantrymen, in and out as best she could, past the mounted guns of the English. She felt more at home as she slipped ahead of a small detachment of her own countrymen, who were shifting their packs and shuffling impatient feet—for were not their French and Australian comrades, weary and bleeding, hungry and thirsty, still holding the front lines of defense with what

strength they had left after a day and night of bitter contest?

It became more difficult to work her way forward. Empty trucks on their way to the rear stations for fresh provisions, filled-up ambulances, men in all kinds of uniforms and on all sorts of errands were crowding past them. She reached the open space where several roads crossed and where many people and animals, among all sorts of machinery, were jostling and pushing, or meekly waiting to be pushed into or out of the various roads that met at this point.

Here the girl climbed upon a halted wagon from which she could overlook the whole space. "Yes," she was saying to herself, "these are the troops ordered to the rear, those are the ammunition wagons needed so terribly at the front. Here are the sad-eyed grandparents and bewildered mothers with children and all the worldly goods which it was possible to bring away from their destroyed homes. None of these lines know where they are to go—but I do; I overheard an officer directing some of them just now—but most of them are just dazed and are getting in one another's way. What would one of our traffic cops in America do about it? Why, there's just the safety zone he would take possession of—the concrete block with the high cross to which all these people look up eagerly and expectantly."

Before the girl knew it she was standing up there against the bare cross. She can't tell today just how she managed to do it, but when the people looked up

their eyes met a quick, decisive look and a directing, outpointing arm which inspired confidence. It didn't take long to get the line straightened out, for she used the very methods which our American traffic policemen, who stand on crowded street corners and show traffic how to keep moving, have taught us to respect and admire.

Her own commanding officer came along and gave her a commending look, and said, "Stay on the job until I send you relief. You've saved more than one village for France today."

Adapted from letter written by Smith College Unit

Carrier Pigeons in the War

One day a patrol boat on duty in the British Channel was surprised and shelled by a submarine. It was badly hit, but it put up a good fight, and the U-boat was finally put to flight.

The condition of the patrol boat, however, was extremely dangerous. Unless help was received it would go down.

There was one carrier pigeon left in the pigeon basket, and upon it depended the safety of the boat and its crew.

The captain wrote the location of the patrol and the necessity for immediate help on a piece of paper, stuffed the paper in the capsule attached to the pigeon's leg and released the bird. There was a heavy storm, but the bird breasted its way through the wind and the dark

clouds to its shore loft. Half an hour later the patrol and its crew were rescued.

Once, too, a British patrol smack was torpedoed at dawn, and what was left of the little boat sank in four minutes, leaving the crew struggling in the water. In that four minutes, however, the skipper had scribbled a message, attached it to the leg of his naval pigeon and sent the bird flying as the vessel sank under him. Unfortunately, the pigeon was seen from the submarine. Shots were fired at it, and the crew of the smack, struggling for their lives in the water, saw it hit. A few minutes later it fluttered down on the deck of a boat twelve miles away, bleeding and with five of its flight feathers shot away. The skipper of the boat looked at the S. O. S. message and started off at once



© Underwood & Underwood

Aviators send messages by pigeons

with all the speed he had. In half an hour the crew of the sunken smack were being hauled aboard and given as tender care as had been bestowed on their wounded pigeon. The pigeon recovered, and is back again at sea this very minute.

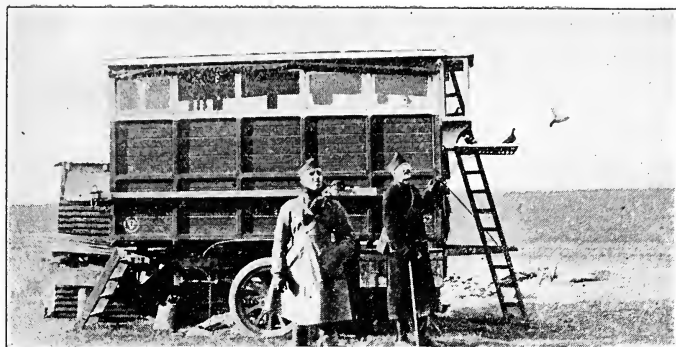
Hundreds of similar stories might be told. Over 1,500 messages have been handled by the Pigeon Service of the British navy alone.

Tanks depend on pigeons to carry their messages. An airman when he discovers enemy supplies of food and ammunition reports the location by pigeon post. Trench fighters and scouting parties often find the feathered ally a more trusty messenger than the rocket or the wig-wag.

In fact there is no branch of the service in which they are not used.

France has announced officially that the carrier pigeon is successful in delivering ninety-seven messages out of a hundred. When the enemy has destroyed telephone wires, and wireless outfits; when the rocket, the runner, and the wig-wag all fail, the carrier pigeon will bring the message through barrage fire, cavalry charges and infantry attacks safely home.

The pigeon used for carrier purposes today is the type known as the Belgian homer, the fastest flier in the world. It has a deep breast, showing great lung power, a smooth, shining body, and weighs from ten to twelve ounces.



© Committee on Public Information

American officers in France waiting for carrier pigeons

When released in the heaviest barrage, it will swoop up, circle once or twice to get its bearings, then start for home at such a terrific speed that no anti-aircraft gun has one chance in a thousand to stop it.

On the battle fields pigeons are cared for in movable coops, that look something like ordinary moving vans, and are set about a mile apart from five to twenty miles in the rear of the first-line trenches. In these coops are nesting boxes, storage room for food, and accommodation for one or two men, who are constantly on duty.

When a pigeon flies home with a message he flies straight to his own cote, and enters through a door obstructed by wires. The wires hang loosely and will swing in but not out. When a bird enters, the movement of the wires sets off an electric bell. At once the attendant knows a pigeon has returned. He catches the pigeon, takes the message from the capsule, and the pigeon's work is done.

Why does a pigeon fly home as soon as it is set free? How does it find its way? No one can answer these questions. No one knows what sense, instinct or intelligence he has. Whatever it is, it brings him straight to his cote regardless of distance, direction or conditions. Through wind and storm, through fire and smoke he bravely flies until he reaches the shelter of his home.

How can Uncle Sam break the pigeons he buys for service in France of their instinct to return to the United States? He cannot. Once a homer is settled it is no good to our government except for breeding purposes. The only birds useful for courier purposes are those that are brought into service before they are old enough to settle. These are eight weeks old or less, and are called "squeekers."

Nor can the "squeekers" that are now delivered to the various training camps be used for anything but breeding, or training the pigeon experts for the work they are to perform in France. The birds that will be used "over there" are those that are "settled" in the camouflaged lofts behind our lines—birds either raised there, or shipped from the United States while too young to become settled.

The training of the young homing pigeon is a fascinating game. Lieut. William L. Butler, Department Pigeon Officer, Signal Service Corps, thus describes it:

"When the birds are old enough to fly, which is at about the age of ten weeks, their training should begin. First you let them out on the walk or landing of their

lofts. They must be let alone there, so that they can take a first mental photograph of their surroundings. If you scare a homer away before he gets that mental photograph you may lose him.

"After he is familiar with his surroundings give him his first flight. Take him out about a mile. He will, when released, fly back to his cote. Then take him two or three miles; then five, then ten, then twenty-five. After that you can keep on increasing the distance.

"Now as to their speed. They can make two miles a minute, under favorable conditions, up to thirty miles. They have flown as far as eight hundred miles on a single flight.

"At Camp Funston, just the other day, we had a peculiar sort of speed test. We sent messages a distance of five miles—by dog, wireless and pigeon. Which message was delivered first? The pigeon. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it's true. The fact is that a fast homer can fly five miles in about two and one-half minutes, and it takes longer than that to relay a fair-sized message and deliver it."

The United States government needs 25,000 racing homers. If you have any, why not let Uncle Sam have them for this great fight?

Adapted from Philadelphia Press and Illustrated World

Shall the assertion of right be haphazard by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights? There shall be a league of nations, answers our President

Lufbery, American Ace

Major Raoul Lufbery, the first famous American ace, climbed in his airplane from obscurity to fame in less than two years.

His parents were American. He was born in France and educated in America.

At nineteen he set out to see the world. He served with the American army in the Philippines and saw service under the French flag in Tripoli. In Bombay he was a ticket collector. At Saigon he became assistant to a French exhibition aviator and was decorated by the King of Cambodia.

July, 1916, found him a cadet in the Lafayette Escadrille. By August he had become a sergeant, and had three German machines to his credit.

Indeed two combats a day kept both his clothes and his machine in a shot-riddled condition.

The French official reports cited him thus: "*A model of skill and courage. He has distinguished himself in many long distance bombardments and by daily combats.*"

By April, 1917, he had bagged more of the enemy's air craft than any other member of the Escadrille. A few months later all France resounded with his praise when he swooped from behind a cloud, his favorite method of attack, and plunged into a squadron of five German planes. His machine gun sent one earthward immediately, and the others fled with the lone knight of the air in pursuit.

By October, 1917, Lufbery had brought down his thirteenth adversary, and forced five others to fall.

The French were lavish in their recognition of his exploits. All the Allies had decorated him. He had won the Croix de Guerre, the British Military Cross, the French Military Medal and the Legion of Honor. He wrote his brother at that time, "I am looking like a Christmas tree, with medals all over my chest."

The remark was typical. Lufbery fought, took his honors, and probably died with a smile.

Early in the morning of May 19, 1918, a giant German airplane was seen to move slowly right over the American airdrome. The alarm signal was sounded, and two indignant American aviators shot up in the air. Their bullets, however, seemed to fall as harmlessly as rain upon the huge monster, which proved to be a "flying tank," with a wing spread of 60 feet, two armored guns, gunners and a steel pilot house.

One of our attacking planes had to land for lack of ammunition, and then Lufbery asked permission to ascend. He had just returned from a leave of absence, which he had voluntarily cut short, for, as he said to his comrades, "You fellows can't get all the easy pickings; I heard how you were knocking them out and decided to hurry back."

Sweeping up head first at the monster plane, Lufbery was seen to hesitate, probably because his engine had jammed. But in a second he was back at the attack, firing his gun again and again. Suddenly a thin flame

shot out from his machine which hung for a moment suspended, and then darted down 6,000 feet to earth. At 4,500 feet the ace was seen to rise and then leap from his plane, which was now in flames.

He had chosen the easier death. His machine landed in a garden behind the lines, where only a few ashes of it remained. When his friends reached his body it had already been reverently straightened out by the French peasants who had covered it with flowers.

"Rest well, Major Lufbery," said the French General at his grave, *"close by the martyrs to our great cause. Your glorious exploits will inspire in us the spirit of sacrifice till the day when humanity's enemy shall finally be vanquished. Au revoir."*

A Texan Airman's Holiday

Lieutenant Chamberlain appeared at a British aviation camp on July 27, 1918, and informed the major in command that he had personal, but not official, permission to visit the camp. This is borne out by the young man's superior, who says Lieutenant Chamberlain had asked to be permitted to go up near the front during a furlough because he desired to get some more experience before resuming his work.

The British commander was in need of aviators, and as there was a bombing squadron about to leave told Lieutenant Chamberlain he could go along. On this flight the young American brought down one German

airplane in flames and sent another whirling down out of control.

The next day came Lieutenant Chamberlain's wonderful exploit. He was one of a detachment of thirty aviators who went out over the battlefield through which the Germans were being driven by the Allies.

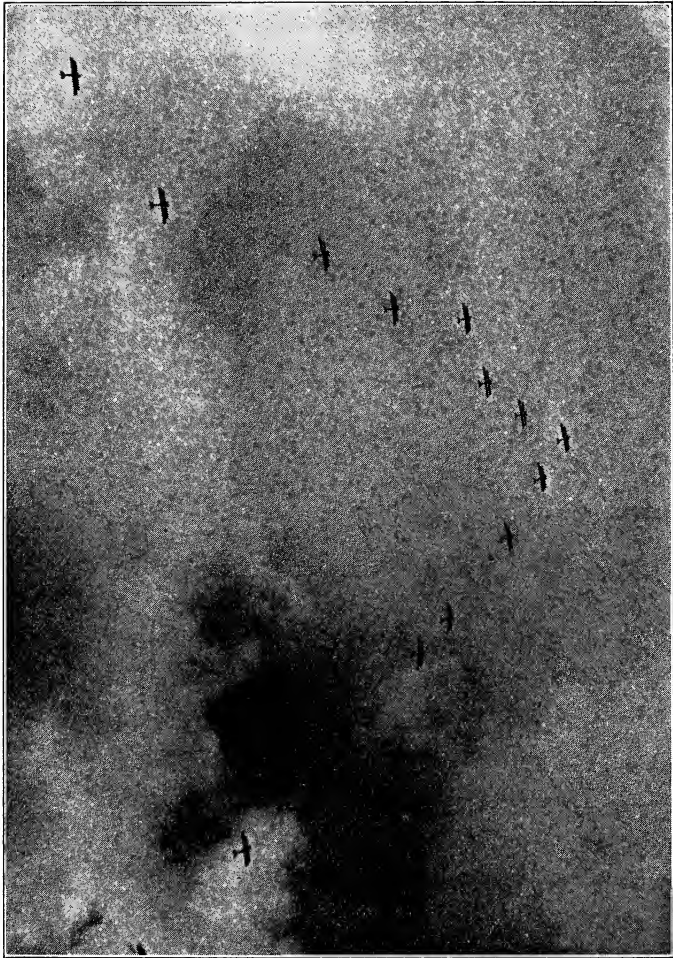
As the thirty machines circled about over the fleeing Teutons, they were attacked by an equal number of German machines. It was a hurricane battle from the first, and almost at the beginning of the combat the British lost three planes.

In the tempest of bullets that roared about his machine Lieutenant Chamberlain's engine was damaged. One of his machine guns became jammed, and he seemed to be out of the action. But instead of starting for home he remained to offer assistance to two other airplanes which had been attacked by twelve German machines.

His machine had lost altitude, owing to engine trouble, but when he was attacked by a German he opened such a hot fire that the enemy went into a dive toward the earth.

His two companions were now engaged in a life and death struggle, and Lieutenant Chamberlain went to their assistance. His action probably saved the lives of the two Englishmen.

His engine was now working better. He climbed up toward the enemy, and, with a burst of fire, sent one of them crashing to the earth. A second was shattered with another volley from his machine gun. Then Lieu-



© Committee on Public Information

The supremacy of the air must be ours

tenant Chamberlain looped out of a cordon of enemy machines which had gathered to finish him, and as he sailed away he shot the wing off another German machine.

The leader of the German squadron came straight at him, but was met with such a torrent of bullets that his airplane joined the others sent to earth by the American.

The lieutenant then turned for the British lines. His engine had "gone dead" and he was forced to volplane, carefully picking his way through the smoke clouds of shells fired at him by the enemy's anti-aircraft cannon.

As he made a wide sweep toward his destination he saw beneath him a column of German troops, and into it he poured a gust of machine gun bullets from the gun which had been jammed, but which he had succeeded in putting into action again. The Germans scattered, and Lieutenant Chamberlain flew on for an eighth of a mile and came to earth.

He found that he could not carry off the equipment of his machine, so he took his compass and started running across the fields. As he did so he encountered a patrol of three Germans. He shouted to them to surrender, waving the compass above his head like a bomb. Two of the enemy ran, but the third surrendered.

The American started again for the British lines, but came upon a wounded French officer, whom he picked up and carried, driving his prisoner before him. He waded a brook under heavy fire and finally arrived within the British lines in safety with the French officer and the German prisoner.

He then reported "ready for duty," asked the major in command of the British airmen not to make any report of the affair and refused to give his name. The major was unable to keep the affair quiet, and the full details were made a part of his official report of the day's fighting.

Lieut. Edmund G. Chamberlain of San Antonio, Texas, was recommended for the Victoria Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor for the exploits which he begged the British officer not to mention.

Released by the Committee on Public Information



© Committee on Public Information

Even aviators like mascots

Two Brothers in France, A. E. F. to Home Folks in America

"Bill" is William Lewis Ettinger, 20, and "Al" is Albert M. Ettinger, 17—letters kindly loaned for this reader by Superintendent W. L. Ettinger, New York City. Opening and concluding salutations are omitted in these extracts.

France, June 26, 1918.

Well, I am one happy boy tonight and you have another happy one also because Al and I have met over here; in fact, we spent part of yesterday, all last night, and a good deal of today together! Isn't that dandy?

Well, that kid looks fine—you would hardly recognize him—and he is not a kid any more, he is a man. Gee! I couldn't take my eyes off him. It all happened this way: . . . [news of brother's nearness—long walk in search—went to wrong place—long walk back.]

We started again early in the morning (yesterday morning) and when we got to the little town of B—sure enough there was old husky Al straddling a motor bike as large as life. Honestly, I was so happy to see him I nearly bawled.

We put up at a swell hotel and had a big feed. . . .

Al and I had a big double French bed together, and it sure did bring back memories of other days. Of course we couldn't sleep for half the night on account of hav-

ing so much to say to one another. The dirty boche tried to spoil our holiday by pulling an air raid, but we didn't even give them a tumble although a couple of officers in the next room got up and dressed.

Well, we left a call for six this morning, and started on our long hike for Al's place again. No morning ever seemed more beautiful. After stopping at a farmhouse 10 kilometres out for a bowl of *fresh* milk and *fresh* bread and creamy butter, we had the luck to get a lift in a wagon, for the best remaining part of the trip, and arrived at camp to find that luckily Al and Jimmy were well "covered up" by friends and so had not even been missed.

Well, I don't think there was ever a boy so proud of his brother as I am of Al. If you could only see how manly he has grown and how all his comrades (and his is a regiment of fine fellows) respect and love him, you could get an idea how I feel. When I was inquiring for him yesterday I would hear on every hand, "Red Ettinger, sure, I know him—fastest rider in the division—you're his brother, aren't you?—look a lot like him anyway." Well, believe me, nobody can ever pay me a greater compliment. Jimmy James says that even in the darkest nights when he passes any regiment in the division going up to or coming out of the trenches, they all shout, "There's our boy—there's Red—Hi, Red! Go it ole kid!" and so forth. Some popular boy.

When I saw Al neither he nor Jimmy had slept for three days and three nights—traveling all the way from

Lorraine, and you would think they would be all in, but not those soldiers. It made my heart ache when Al would tell in a matter-of-fact way of their long winter hikes through snow, and how his feet would get frozen and blistered, and how poorly they ate sometimes, and of those first hard winter months in the trenches, but it made me feel proud too in some indescribable way to have such a big, husky *man* for a brother. If he comes tomorrow I will let him read the letters of yours that I received today—one May 27, another June 3, another June 7th. He has not had mail in a long time. I gave him a picture of you. He wanted one, so I signed it and gave it to him.

Your loving and happy son

BILL.

France, June 29, 1918.

Well, folks, how are the home fires burning? Have not seen my handsome kid brother today, but had a great piece of luck the day before yesterday. Was washing the supper dishes (having been on K. P.) when who should come diving into camp but my dashing brother and his pal Bill (Jimmy) James on their motor-cycles, all dolled out with mean-looking automatics and everything.

We had finished supper some half hour before, but were able to allay their hunger with a couple of eggs

apiece, bread and jam, said hunger being caused by the fact that the poor kids threw up a perfectly good meal to get an early start to see me; and when Al throws away any prospects of food to see me, you know well what an awful stand-in I must have with him. A real meal—potatoes and everything—Al said in an aggrieved voice.

BILL.

France, June 30, 1918.

Your letters (the latest one dated June 7th) arrived two days ago, and I was certainly tickled to get them. Don't you worry, I will have a happy birthday all right, but not nearly so happy as if we were all together once more, which I hope will be the case this time next year or the year after that at the latest. (Cheerful bloke).

Yesterday was another red-letter day for me because who should blow into camp about 3 P. M. but old Al on his smoky steed hitting only the high spots. We had a regular party over at "our rooms" (as we are "en repose," in a big room with a French bed and everything for one franc a day) in the afternoon, and he stayed for supper, which was an especially good one, it being Sunday night. He was tickled to hear that old banjosine of mine perform once more.

After supper we had a great old talk-fest. . . .

BILL.

France, July 5, 1918.

I had a wonderful piece of luck in seeing Al at the hospital the day before we moved (we moved up to the front today—very quiet).

By some wonderful good luck I got a trip to the large town where he was evacuated to and fell into conversation with a boy from Al's former outfit—the Pioneers. He said, "Al Ettinger is right in this hospital here—had a fall from his motorbike." Gee, whiz, and I had only said goodbye to the kid two days before! I felt pretty rotten and hustled up, and sure enough there was the old kid, his red head showing up among the white sheets like an Italian sunset.

He said he had given up all hope of seeing me when he was sent to the hospital. He did not want to go, but they made him. I was able to go out and get him some chocolate, and also to lend him fifty francs, which he needed badly, being almost broke, and I knew from bitter experience that it is rotten to be short of funds and sick, both. When I get paid I will send him some more.

We had a wonderful feed tonight. Big day for us.

BILL.

July 23, 1918.

. . . Personally, I am feeling fine and happy and lazy—the only trouble is that with all this Big Push going on and everything, we are not doing a darn thing . . . go out every fourth day and all we do when we do go out is to back our car up on post and stay there for 48 hours,

and then come back. Gee, we are safer over here than we would be crossing Broadway at 4 A. M. Well, this is a wild life—not.

That is the way in the army, when there is anything going on you want to be in it, and when you *are* in it, you want just one thing, and that is to get out.

BILL.

France, July 26, 1918.

So Fred Christie is over here already, is he? They don't give the drafted boys much time to think about their bright young futures, do they? . . . We are sure in a quiet place—neither side even slaps each other on the wrist here.

BILL.

July 1, 1918.

Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and happy. Happy is no word for it because my hopes and prayers of months have been realized—dear old brother Bill and I have at last been reunited. Just imagine, only a few days after a move, we found ourselves only 25 miles apart, and Bill surprised me one day, so consequently Bill, Steven Dresser, Billy James and I sneaked away to a city nearby and celebrated with a wondrous feed.

Soon I moved again and luckily came within 12 miles of him. Was over to see him last night; had supper with the boys—they are a wonderful bunch—and heard Bill rag his old banjo. By golly, we were two happy boys, and happier more to know you will be happy!

I would write longer and would have written before only we have been quite busy. [A motorcycle courier.]

Am writing this in a French Y. M. while resting on a trip, and am devouring a good cup of hot chocolate.

Your second package arrived yesterday, containing two dandy big bath towels, and several bars of caramel candy. It was fine. AL.

July 2, 1918.

I am just having the life of Riley at present, taking it easy in the hospital. Just a few cuts on my leg from a collision yesterday, but not at all serious, so do not worry. The only thing I worry about is the coming meal.

The eats here are fine, and I am in jolly company with several friends from the regiment. We are treated fine—American nurses and French nuns.

Love and kisses, beaucoup, and do not worry. . . . AL.

July 5, 1918.

I am getting along finely now and expect to be back to the old Poppy pretty soon. Poppy is the name of my motorcycle—I christened it that because we see so many millions of these beautiful red flowers in the fields we pass by.

I have a big cut on my kneecap from the accident, but neither is deep enough to cause any danger. . . .

Well, Mumzie, be good and happy, and take care to have good times. AL.

July 7, 1918.

Today is Sunday, and a beautiful Sabbath day. In the same ward with me are all fellows of my division, and several of my regiment. Larry Reilly, one of my pals and an old tent-mate at Camp Mills, is in another ward and comes up to see me frequently. Right beside me is a sergeant from another company in the regiment, and we are quite chummy. He is only nineteen years old. We have a lot of good humor in this banged-up gang, and that relieves the monotony. It is a French hospital, and as we are the first American troops in this particular sector, there is a scarcity of reading matter.

The French division Bill is attached to at the beginning of their last attack had 9,000 men. They came out with 1,000. Some battlers—believe me. Harry Mathis is in the hospital (not this one) with several shrapnel wounds. Two Frogs were killed by the same shell that wounded him, so he got off rather lucky.

I am anxiously waiting to see Bill again. His outfit is about thirty miles from here, but I expect him to come any hour. He sure is one good brother, Mom. Did he tell you how he and Joe Calhoun were the only survivors out of thirty men in one dugout when the boche put over an attack? I suppose he did, so I will not repeat. Steve Dresser, who has won the Croix de Guerre twice, swears that Bill deserved it dozens of times. Do not be surprised when you read he has won it.

AL.

Hospital Militaire, July 8, 1918.

You cannot realize how happy I am this evening. Happy is no word for it—today has been a wonderful day for me. This evening I was surprised by Billy James who rode all the way in from the trenches to see me, and he brought beaucoup mail and a wonderful package from you. And yesterday Bill came to see me all the way from his sector.

The mail brought two lovely letters from you dated May 26th and June 9th, one of them containing the money order you were so good to send. I could just love you to death for that, and those letters, and that wonderful package you sent by the French line containing fruit cake, chocolate, figs, Aunt Maggie's socks, candles, etc.—*everything* made me feel so happy.

There was also a dandy letter from Churchie, one from Katherine, and one from Cousin Alicia—they cheered me up so.

I am still as you can see in the hospital, but I expect to depart soon. My leg has lost its soreness, and the cuts are quite healed. I can walk around O. K. already, and the sound of the distant guns is enough to make the dead arise and join the colors.

That picture you saw of those fellows in —— Co. is bunk, if it was the same one I saw of them. . . . Why, those fellows were only clerks in the adjutant's office, and never saw a trench. I know them all because I carry dispatches from headquarters to the trenches and to other headquarters of higher positions such as brigade and division.

AL.

Convalescent Hospital No. 2, July 22, 1918.

Well, I certainly have changed around some since my last letter. The day after I wrote to you I was evacuated to a camp hospital, was kept there for several days, and had the hair-raising experience of an air raid. The boche did their best to hit the hospital, but fate was against them—instead of hitting us, they walloped a prison camp nearby in which there were several hundred German prisoners. They killed over a hundred of them, and wounded many more. Such is life in a hospital.

Had the unique experience of riding on one of the American hospital trains while en route from the camp hospital to the base. They are wonderful—so comfortable and swell.

My knee is entirely healed now, and is not even stiff. They sure did put me in enough hospitals to make a dead man well. And what do you think? In the village near this hospital some very progressive French people have an ice cream store. Imagine! real honest-to-goodness ice cream, both vanilla and strawberry. I was so surprised when I first saw the ice cream that I nearly fainted—then I proceeded to revive myself by gorging beaucoup ice cream. Believe me, it was swell—one franc (20 cents) for a nickel plate, but it sure is worth it.

Well, I wish I had more to write about. I would certainly make this letter longer, but this place is dead, and I am praying for the old trenches and the Jerries again. I cannot sleep now without noise. When I get home I am going to rent a room on Sixth Avenue so the "L" will put me to sleep.

AL.

A Man Named Brown

Brown was a twenty-two year old shipping clerk somewhere in America. All day he handled invoices and bills of lading and made entries in his big books. On Saturdays in the summer he would go to the amusement park or a baseball game; in the winter he went to the movies. Life for him was very uneventful.

Then came the declaration of war.

Before Brown realized it Uncle Sam had gathered him into his army; sent him to camp; taught him to live in the open; to march; to shoot; to use a bayonet; and to endure hardships. Finally while these things were yet new and strange, landed him in France, a full-fledged American soldier.

This is the story of how Brown fulfilled the American idea of a first-class fighting man.

Accidentally in command of a squad of thirteen men, he rounded up and captured behind the German lines 159 men, including a major, a captain, two lieutenants, and a number of non-commissioned officers, and brought them through their own lines, prisoners to the American cage.

This is how it happened:

Brown had become separated from his company and was wandering in woods through which the Germans had swept. His beloved machine gun had been smashed and abandoned. By all the rules of the game he was due to surrender.

Just then he encountered his captain, also lost and wandering in the woods. They joined forces and started out looking for adventure, with nothing but their wits and an automatic rifle as weapons.

The two were in a thicket when they heard German machine guns firing behind them.

"Why not capture them?" said Brown.

"All right," said the captain.

They crept up close and then charged. The stream of bullets killed the captain, but Brown's rifle made the German gunner hold up his hands.

Just then a corporal arrived and, recruited up to full force, Brown led his army of two against the other machine gun, killing three gunners in the process.

Attracted by the shooting, eleven other Americans came crawling out of the bushes, where they had been hiding. The thirteen went to look for bigger game. In a captured trench a company of Germans was discovered. Brown deployed his army, posting its members singly in all directions, and at a given signal the rifles began to speak.

Soon a German major stepped out of the trench, and with his hands held high lustily yelled "Kamerad! Kamerad!" In the trench were a hundred Germans who surrendered. Brown started for the rear with his prisoners. He had to bluff his way through the German lines. As they went along the company of thirteen gathered in fifty-nine more prisoners.

Of these four were killed by the German barrage, although all the Americans escaped.

So 155 were turned over at the American cage and receipted for; the record being entered for all time in the story of American grit, bravery, and "will to win."

Adapted from *New York Globe*

Volunteers Cross No Man's Land

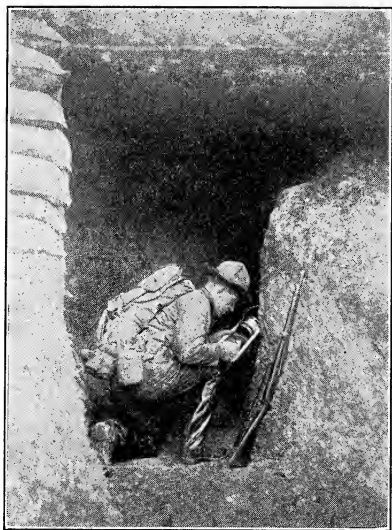
Every time a steel helmet peeked above the shallow trench crest a German machine gun opened up.

All night, every now and then, too often for safety, the same gun had been spitting bullets which came whizzing over the heads of our men in the trenches.

When the order came to go across No Man's Land, establish contact with the boche and bring back prisoners, it was hailed with great delight. It gave a chance to silence that gun. Volunteers for the raid were not lacking, even though the men knew that some of them who ventured forth would not return.

The lieutenant who was to lead the party selected fourteen men to accompany him. A little after midnight he took his men over the top and through the wires into No Man's Land. It was inky black. A man could not see his hand held before his face except when a German rocket threw a pale light that brought out strange, mysterious shadows.

The men, now throwing themselves flat, now crawling under barbed wire entanglements, stooping and dodg-



© Committee on Public Information

A trench sentry

ing, slowly made their way across the intervening 500 yards.

Though the orders were merely to proceed to the German lines, the heart of each man was set on locating and getting the machine gun.

The sentry of the gun saw them first, and instantly started spitting death in their direction. No further orders were necessary. The reasons for secrecy and stealth were gone. There was a general alarm within the enemy's lines. With a shout the raiders jumped up, and from three sides dashed in on the gun, with its murderous spray of bullets.

Some of the men fell, but the gun was captured, and with it several prisoners.

Corporal Tate had vowed that he would be satisfied if he brought back one German. His wish was gratified, but he was wounded and died three days afterwards.

In the official bulletin the next day it was said in the usual brief military way that "one of our patrols cleaned up an enemy machine gun post last night," and brought back prisoners.

But every one of the fourteen men in the patrol was named by the colonel of the regiment on account of his bravery under conditions that might easily have brought death.

Adapted from *New York Globe*

The Navy

Today you can cross the Atlantic on a troop ship bound for France almost as safely as you can cross Lake Michigan or the Hudson River.

The Hun still lurks there, but he is powerless, for our navy with its iron-clad battle ships, its long, narrow grey destroyers, its bluejackets who know no superiors, its officers trained in the greatest naval academy in the world, has made the sea safe in spite of German threats.

The Hun may sink a hundred or two hundred thousand tons of allied shipping a month, but he is lost. We are building more ships than he sinks, and are destroying more submarines than he can build.

By September 1, 1918, our country had sent over 1,600,000 overseas and had lost fewer than 300.

Every week, guarded by our navy, thousands of our men land in France. By July, 1919, the United States expects to have over 4,000,000 men "over there" ready and eager to fight the battle for democracy.

The other day a great ship, once one of the queens of all the German merchant fleet, now an American transport ship, slipped into a French harbor. With her were thirteen monster ships, ten destroyers, 36,000 fighting men and 5,000 crew.

The wireless station had received a cipher message giving warning of the approach of the fleet. It had been hoped the arrival would be in daylight, with flags flying, bands playing and the sun shining as the American fighting men got their first glimpse of Europe. But this was no dress parade, said the admiral, and there was no time for stage effects.

And so, at midnight, in the rain and darkness, with signal lights showing for the first time since they left the other side, the huge flotilla moved in a long line of lights to the sheltered roadstead.

There was a stirring scene in the harbor the next morning as the big transports unloaded their 36,000 men. The sky had cleared and the huge hulls of the transports loomed out of the mist, their funnels puffing black smoke, their sides camouflaged, and their decks crowded with khaki-clad Americans in their broad-brimmed sombreros. The destroyers had drawn off and were lying bunched ten across. They looked diminutive beside the big ships, but their power showed in the glint of

guns and the long, lean build like a greyhound stretched for action. Further back were the French warships.

All about were innumerable small craft, army and navy tugs, lighters, launches and a flotilla of fishing craft with their nets hanging to dry like huge sails of lace. Back of this water scene stretched the huge American warehouses, sprung up like mushrooms until the whole front was black with buildings.

The lighters were long-side. The men were crowding the decks ready to go ashore. Eighteen hours later the same convoy unloaded, coaled and watered, slipped out of the harbor and was on her way home.

These are never before dreamt of records! Whole convoys unloaded, coaled and started home in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours after steaming into port!

The navy, like the genii in the story of Alladin's Lamp, is performing miracles, and the story of its achievements reads like a fairy tale.

Our boys, co-operating with the boys of the British navy, are not only protecting our troops in their voyage across the Atlantic, but they are restoring the freedom of the seas by destroying submarines, destroying them faster than Germany can build them.

So hats off to the boys in blue, French, British, Italian and American—the big brothers of the dough-boys. They are doing a great big bit to help make the world safe for democracy.

From Associated Press and New York Tribune

Chasing Submarines

One of the first shots fired by America in the great war sunk a German submarine. This event occurred on the 142d anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1917, at 5:32 A. M. The ship whose name will go down in history as having fired the first shot at sea is the American freighter Mongolia. She was on her second voyage through the barred zone. Her captain, Emory Rice, had not had his clothes off for five days. A big force of lookouts had been kept on duty all the time. At 5:22 in the morning of April 19 the submarine was sighted. At 5:24 she was sunk, which shows, as Captain Rice relates, that "the whole affair took only two minutes." The officers commanding the gunners were with him on the bridge, where they had been most of the time throughout the voyage, and he is quoted as saying in part:

"There was a haze over the sea at the time. We had just taken a sounding, for we were getting near shallow water, when the first mate cried:

" 'There's a submarine off the port bow.' "

"The submarine was close to us, too close, in fact, for her purposes, and she was submerging again in order to manoeuvre in a better position for torpedoing us when we sighted her.

"We saw the periscope go down, and the swirl of the water. I quickly ordered the man at the wheel to swing the nose of the ship toward the spot where the submarine had been seen.

"We were going at full speed ahead, and two minutes after we first sighted the U-boat, it emerged again about 1,000 yards off. Its intention probably had been to catch us broadside on, but when it appeared we had the stern gun trained full on it.

"The lieutenant gave the command and the big gun boomed. We saw the periscope shattered and the shell and the submarine disappeared . . .

"That's about all the story, excepting this: The gunners had named the guns on board the *Mongolia* and the one which got the submarine was called Theodore Roosevelt; so Teddy fired the first gun of the war, after all."

From The Literary Digest

On Board a U. S. Destroyer

Large numbers of our destroyers have been co-operating with the British destroyers in the most efficient way since last spring. This is the story of a young American seaman who has served for nine months on active duty patrolling the submarine zone:

"The destroyer to which I belonged, with other American boats and several English boats, had the job of patrolling a hundred miles or so in the war zone and watching for submarines," he began his story.

"It was early in June that we sank our first submarine. We had gone out to convoy a certain famous liner bearing an American base hospital unit. We were 300 miles offshore on the port side. For some time

we had observed what we took to be a wrecked lifeboat on the starboard side of the liner. The waters in the war zone are filled with such wreckage and with dead and mangled bodies.

"Suddenly, as we watched the lifeboat, it moved. That didn't seem natural, and we sent a shot at it. We blew it to pieces and a periscope appeared; the wreck had been camouflaged. The liner was going twenty-three knots an hour, and we, making about thirty knots, slipped under her bow and dropped a depth charge, which explodes under water. We got the submarine all right, for we saw the oil bubbles come to the surface of the water. Whenever a submarine is destroyed the water is covered with oil, and it often coats the sides of the destroyer so thickly that she has to be cleaned when she comes into port.

"A month later we got another submarine. It was about 7 o'clock in the evening and only eight or ten miles off the coast. Three troopships, carrying six or seven thousand Canadians, were coming in, each convoyed by a destroyer. An English patrol boat just ahead of us signalled that she saw a periscope, and in a minute we saw it too—painted green and white and six inches in diameter. It was 200 yards from our transport. 'General quarters' sounded—that means each man to his station. I took mine at No. 3 gun. We turned an angle of 90 degrees and passed directly over the submarine and at the same time let go two depth charges.

"I know we got her, because besides the usual oil we saw hats floating in the water. Everybody on the transport went into the lifeboats, which were slung out over the sides all ready to drop. The vibration of the depth charges was such that the men aboard the transport didn't know for a moment whether they'd been torpedoed or not.

"We were almost hit by a torpedo once, and I never was so scared in my life.

"It was one of those awfully foggy afternoons and we were tearing through the water, just taking a chance that we wouldn't hit anything. First, another destroyer almost collided with us. An hour later I was looking overside and suddenly I saw a white streak going through the water. A lot of us saw it at the same time, but we couldn't make a sound. We knew it was a torpedo, but we had to wait and see if it would hit us or not. It missed by ten yards; the man at the wheel had noted it just in time to deflect our course a trifle.

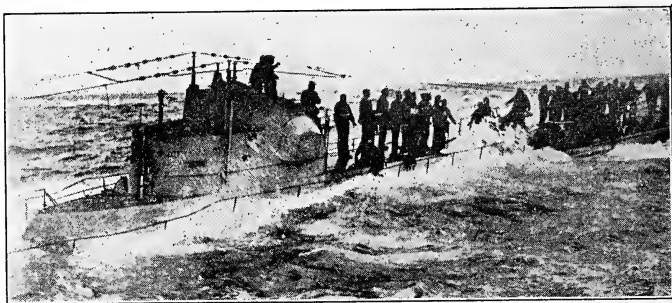
"The destroyer which had almost run us down got that submarine that same night.

"While on patrol duty we picked up a lot of survivors from fishing vessels and other craft, and we had a time taking care of those suffering from wounds and exposure, for of course we had no regular sick bay. Once we rescued twenty-two Chinamen floating in a little boat 150 miles out. On the French coast we picked up ten French fishermen, five alive and five dead. They go out in small boats, and the submarines amuse them-

selves by firing at the boats with their deck guns when they've nothing else to do. It's just plain murder, of course. We had several wireless calls from the mysterious submarine commander who signs himself 'Kelly' and sends messages like this: 'Sorry I missed you. Better luck next time.'

"The worst thing we had to endure was the cold," concluded Burke. "Even in summer we wore fur coats and hip-high boots. What did I think about when I saw a submarine? The chief thought in every fellow's mind is, 'I'm going to get you first, for if I don't you'll get me.' Oh, of course I want to go back. The other fellows are over there, and I just don't feel right here."

From New York Evening World



© Committee on Public Information

A captured German submarine U-boat

Decorated in Italy

In a letter to his father, L. H. Davidson of New York, who went abroad with the Dartmouth unit before this country entered the war, writes of interesting events in Italy.

Italy, Zona di Guerra, July 25.—I have been rather neglectful in writing home lately, but feel that this letter should set me right, first, because I have been decorated with the Italian valor medal (*militare al valor*), which ranks with the American D. S. O. and between the French *Medaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*; and, secondly, because I had the honor to be decorated by the King of Italy himself.



© Paul Thompson

General Diaz commands
Italy's army on the
Austrian front

The medal was for the work in the Austrian offensive last month, the major part of which I have written you about. The first I heard about being decorated was when I came back from post the night before last. The chief said to get all dolled up right away, as we had to be at — at 6 next morning to be decorated. . . .

There were more than 40,000 troops drawn up around the borders of the field in a big circle when we got there. . . .

The King arrived at 8 o'clock amid flourishes of trumpets.

The Allies were represented by British, American, French and Japanese generals. There were also several United States Congressmen, so you can see what the affair was.

I was the tenth to be decorated. We were lined up in front of the stand. As each man's name was called he marched to the platform, did a left turn and saluted the King, who shook hands and said a word or two. I suppose he spoke to me, because all of the other fellows said he spoke to them, but for the life of me I can't remember what he said or if he even spoke. I felt fifty thousand pairs of eyes on me and couldn't remember much of anything except that the King gave me my medal and I managed to salute and get off the platform without falling down stairs. . . .

There were a number decorated, Carabinieri, Bersaglieri, Arditi and regular infantry. Our colonel received the highest decoration the Italian Government can give. It was for his wonderful work in keeping the Austrians in check the first morning of the attack.

There was everything known to war in it (the review of troops) except the tanks, which are not used down here. It was a wonderful sight. The Bersaglieri and Alpini with feathered hats, the Arditi, hard as nails, with their low cut collars and daggers, the cavalry with gaudy lances and wonderful horses which went by at dance step. The Bersaglieri cyclist, the most picturesque of all, passed in perfect line with a band of buglers playing the march of the Bersaglieri. . . .

Adapted from *New York Sun*

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—LT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE.

America's Answer

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead;
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who are asleep.
With each a cross to mark his bed,
Where once his own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's right shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

—R. W. LILLARD.

Deceiving the Enemy by Camouflage

Many birds and animals are able to avoid their enemies or to approach their prey without being discovered through what is known as protective coloring.

Quail, woodcock and grouse are the exact color of the grass in which they live.



© Committee on Public Information

A camouflaged road in France

Even insects protect themselves by pretending. Some, when in danger, look like sticks, leaves and other inanimate objects. Others find safety in imitating insects that are known to birds as poisonous, and hence avoided.

The chameleon is a lightning change pretender. He can alter his color at will from blue or green to yellow, brown or mottled.

In this war we have invented almost as many new methods of deceiving the enemy by the use of colors as the birds, animals and insects have been using for

ages. It was the French who started, and they called it camouflage.

Camouflaging is the art of deceiving, of making something appear quite different from what it really is. It not only protects the individual soldier and implements of war, but it screens the movement of entire armies, and helps to send our ships in safety across the sea.

On the battle fields all guns, huts, signal stations, everything in fact, is camouflaged.

Men camouflage themselves so that they look like trunks of trees, stones, etc., when it is necessary for them to patrol or to steal across No Man's Land.



© Committee on Public Information

A camouflaged soldier meant
to lie hidden in the grass

The smoke screen camouflage is another use of the same idea. No form whatever can be made out; there is nothing but a great cloud of smoke.

Our people were amused when told that President Wilson was deceived by clever camouflage of men and cannon at Washington until soldiers stepped out to salute him from what he thought was only a bank of shrubs. But experts in the art of making camouflage and in the other important art of detecting camouflage are also often fooled by successful deceptive coloring.

At the second battle of the Marne two American Indians, when attacked by a company of Germans, jumped into the river and dived under water. The Germans waited for them to come up, but though they waited long the Indians did not reappear. The Germans concluded they had been drowned and went on; however, they were not drowned. The Indians had grabbed handfuls of clay from the bottom of the river and camouflaged their faces and shoulders so that when they came up they looked like floating debris, so had escaped observation!

It is a case of diamond cut diamond all the time in the contest between the camouflage expert and the trained observer.

A heavy gun was converted into a woodland growth and a grove of brushwood was erected about it. The gunners used extreme care in approaching it, so that no tracks appeared in its vicinity. Not far away a "naked" gun was plainly to be seen, with well-worn

tracks leading up to it. As an airplane appeared the naked gun flashed.

Was the naked gun a dummy meant to divert the observers' attention from some nearby deadly camouflage gun? Or was the exposed gun the deadly gun, left exposed to fool the observer? These questions the aviator must decide in an instant because he carries but a few bombs and must not waste them.

In these days all German batteries are carefully camouflaged, but the sight of a man disappearing into what looks exactly like a patch of grass gives the aerial detective an important clew—which may lead eventually to the destruction of several of the enemy's guns.

Troops hiding in woods are well concealed from an airplane observer so long as they are motionless. But let one man move and detection of the whole party may follow.

It is the airplane that has made camouflaging so necessary on land. The air men are called the eyes of the army. All day they fly around, often far behind the enemy's lines, observing, sketching, and photographing, their keen eyes seeing everything. The observer with a good glass and constant practice acquires almost a special sense. He cultivates the trick of seeing with the tail of his eye things which direct gaze misses.

How to make it hard for German submarines to see our boats at sea became an all important question. In many weird ways the problem was solved. It is here that the two great systems of camouflage—"low ~~in~~visi-

bility camouflage" and "dazzle camouflage"—are seen in most striking contrast.

Low visibility camouflage makes the ship look like the sky and the water. It is low visibility camouflage which the chameleon uses when it changes its color to look like the leaf or bark it is on. It is for the same low visibility that we use khaki clothing, which cannot be seen from the distance so soon as blue or red.

Dazzle camouflage aims to dazzle or confuse. There is no attempt to imitate either sky or sea or any other recognizable thing. Zig-zag lines of every color make the vessel seem much nearer or much farther, much smaller or much larger than it really is. The submarine cannot tell what range to use when shooting and is not sure whether it is shooting at the front, back or middle of a boat.

The most interesting camouflage is probably the marine camouflage.

An expert camouflage artist and a naval officer were gazing at the Hudson River from the top floor of a New York apartment house. Suddenly the officer called attention to two boats moving slowly down the river. They watched for a while and then decided that a United States destroyer was convoying a submarine. Further watching, however, showed them their error. The destroyer was real enough, but the submarine was only a painted submarine done in jet black on the battle grey side of the destroyer.

Adapted from *New York Globe*, and *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

A Raid for Prisoners

Word had been received from headquarters that a barrage was to be put over from 3:45 to 4:05 A. M., and that immediately following a raiding party was to cross No Man's Land, establish contact with the enemy, and bring back prisoners.

We were sitting in the captain's dugout behind the first-line trenches. The captain was writing. It was past two o'clock when he put away his reports and we started for the trenches.

The trail from the dugout, easy to follow by day, had become mysterious by night, a maze of black shadows, but the captain led the way with sure and steady feet.

At the entrance to the trenches we were stopped by the sentry.

"Halt! Who goes?"

"Friend."

"What's the password?"

"Denver," whispered the captain.

"Pass," said the sentry.

The trenches were full of muffled flat shadows, some standing, some kneeling on the fire step, steady-eyed, tense-faced men, watching and waiting. Now and then a rifle lengthened itself over the parapet. There was a burst of fire, followed by another and another, and the watch was resumed.

A patrol of six men passed. We followed them to a place in the trenches where steps had been scooped.

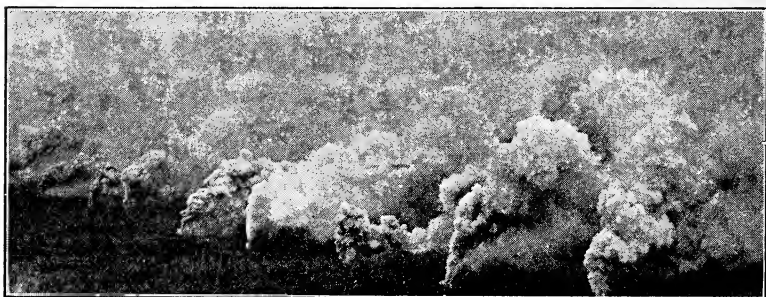
Two by two the men went over into No Man's Land, preparatory for the night's business.

It was just 3:30 when we reached the cave where the telephone reports for the artillery were to come in. Our guns were silent, but everything was ready.

At 3:45, stop-watch time, the barrage began. Earth and heaven shook with our guns. From somewhere, from everywhere, the monsters reared their heads slowly, belched their projectiles at the unoffending stars and slid back, a little nervously, into position.

The 75's had delivered their salute not once but many times. Grenades were whistling over us. Trench mortars were sending winged messengers, as fast as they were fed.

We were laying down a box barrage. Our guns were drawing two parallel lines, one in each flank of the German trenches we were to raid, each line a living wall of steel through which nothing could pass. Third and



©Harris & Ewing—Paul Thompson

A smoke barrage

fourth lines paralleled also, and at right angles with the first, were preventing the enemy bringing up help from the rear.

"Company X reports battery on German left has ceased firing."

This was the first message over the wire a few minutes after our outburst.

"Company Q reports guns silenced in German center."

"Company Z reports one German gun still active on German right."

One by one the reports were relayed to the artillery. Underground we could see nothing.

"Company X reports all guns silenced on its front."

"Company Z reports one German gun still firing."

"We'll get that gun in another minute, or"—. The captain could not finish amidst the noise. So many guns were now firing that sounds could not be distinguished. All was one vast roar.

"Let us go to an observation post," said the captain.

We stepped out. Passing shells, bursts of flame springing up on all parts of the line, and rockets rising made a quivering, unearthly light that was not like the light of sun, moon or stars.

Ground, sky and air were bellowing as the barrage kept on.

In the front line the raiding party was waiting. There was no excitement, little nervousness. If any one of them was afraid he refused to betray it. If any

one of them was nervous at the prospect before him he hid his nervousness splendidly.

"I'm going to lose my old puttees tonight, so I can draw a good pair tomorrow," we heard one of the men say.

The others laughed quietly.

We could talk here because we were further from our own guns, and the boche was almost silent.

At 4:05 our men went over the top.

From the observation post we did not see them for a while, but soon moving shapes appeared in No Man's Land, rolling toward the line of our barrage. A few enemy shells fell into the field, but our men moved on without quickening pace.

We lost sight of them. Minutes passed. Our fire continued, and we could hear the German fire increasing. These were anxious minutes for the officers and men in our lines. But they passed quickly.

At 4:30 our men began coming back. The order, "Every man for himself!" had been given. Some were running. Some were walking, running, crouching, avoiding shell holes, and dodging shells. In a few minutes all were back.

They brought visitors with them, two tattered and forlorn German prisoners, scratched, bleeding and frightened, ready to give all the information we needed in return for a bite to eat and a kindly cigarette, which were offered. Our raid had been a complete success.

A battered mortar, some rifles, grenades and other souvenirs were brought back.

"Take the prisoners to headquarters for examination," the lieutenant who had 'gone over' now orders. "Any of our men hurt?"

"Bloodied up a bit by the wire. Nothing else."

"Had my puttees torn off of me," a private is complaining. "Got to have a new pair tomorrow."

The raiders and their souvenirs move into the open behind the trenches and away to headquarters, while our guns continue a low but triumphal rumble. Fritz, too, is continuing his fire. His rockets grow numerous again.

"Let's call it a night," says a lieutenant.

The captain decides to stay up. "Fritz might try a little strafe before daylight," he says.

But no strafe comes. The morning dawns red and serene and the captain prepares to sleep by removing his gas mask from his shoulders, his boots and his coat.

Adapted from New York Tribune

Interviewing Peanuts, Oldest Veteran

Everybody in this outfit wears a gold stripe on his left arm, and a goodly number boast campaign badges in addition. So it occurred to an energetic correspondent attached to the battalion to request an interview with the organization's oldest veteran.

"Sure," agreed the major, "but there are certain difficulties. He's hard to interview."

"Aw, I can make him talk," declared the reporter. "Just lead me to him."

The major got up and led the way out into the courtyard and around to the stables.

"Here he is," said the officer, grinning. He had stopped in front of an aged mule. "His name is Peanuts. He has served in Cuba, the Philippines, China, at Vera Cruz, on the Border, and in France. Go to it, young man."

But all that Peanuts would say for publication was *He-haw! He-haw! He-haw!* meaning *Hurray for the red, white, and blue!*

Peanuts, as the reporter then learned, is a regular army mule, and knows the respect due a regular army mule.

One time he was sick, very sick, and as the army veterinary was away from the post, it was necessary to call in a civilian surgeon.

As the doctor in mufti approached him Peanuts eyed him with great disapproval. He stretched his neck, straightened his legs, and as the civilian surgeon came within range, he turned loose both hind legs, coming within a fraction of an inch of making a civilian casualty. The soldiers who observed this conduct advised the doctor to put on a uniform. He did so. When he returned thus attired he was flanked on one side by a soldier beating a drum, and on the other by one bearing a flag. Peanuts viewed the tableau with approval and took his pills.

From *The Stars and Stripes* and *New York Tribune*

Birds in No Man's Land

"No Man's Land" holds no terrors for the feathered tribe. Birds build their nests in the corners of the wire entanglements, and sing merrily in the midst of the deafening cannonades. In fact, neither the strafing of the Hun nor the replies of the Allies' guns seem to have any effect on the wild life of the war-stricken country.

One night when both German and British guns were booming a crested lark sang sweetly as if anticipating the dawn, while a blackcap in the withered saplings that screened our gun-pit trilled forth his lay, punctuated by the boom of the guns beneath him. The effect was very quaint, as during each pause in the gun-fire the blackcap's song echoed sweetly over the shell-riven earth.

A German shell, better aimed than usual, scored a direct hit upon our gun, but the din of the explosion apparently did not trouble the bird, for he only fluttered away to the next sapling and continued his song.

At another time, when billeted in a chateau surrounded by extensive grounds and an extremely green and smelly moat, I listened to a nightingale, thrush, and blackbird piping for all they were worth, while not a hundred yards away the German shells were pounding to atoms some sheds and a barn.

Even in the trenches the birds do not appear to trouble about the sounds of war, and the wire entanglements of No Man's Land are a happy hunting-ground, and from a bird's point of view an ideal place for nest-

building. Last year I found a blackbird's nest in a tangled corner, while at another corner a kestrel would perch and preen her feathers, utterly regardless of the flying bullets and shells.

One bird manoeuvre is rather surprising. A company of small birds—sparrows, chaffinches, and other members of the same family—may be feeding quietly in the road or around a barn, when suddenly they will fly up and scatter at right angles. For a second or two there is nothing to be heard, then the sound of a shell comes faintly.

Now, what instinct has taught the birds to disperse and fly in this way from the direct path of a shell?

In the early days of the war they were not so wily, or perhaps their hearing was not so acute, for sparrows would remain in the ivy covering a house until the shell actually exploded, when they would whirl out and upward like so many pieces of shrapnel.

Other birds do not appear to have learned to do this, for in an orchard that the Germans were shelling the young swallows remained perched on the branches until the trees fell. Then they flew up and whirled about, actually hawking for insects over the ruins of their former roosting place. Yet the parent swallows were most anxious over the welfare of their young brood, and kept them together for a long time after they had left the nest. It is a wonder that they have not learned the danger that lies in the whine of an oncoming shell.

From *London Spectator*, quoted in *The Literary Digest*

A Matter of Tune

Things had been happening. Divisions were moving. There had been, or there was going to be, a stunt.

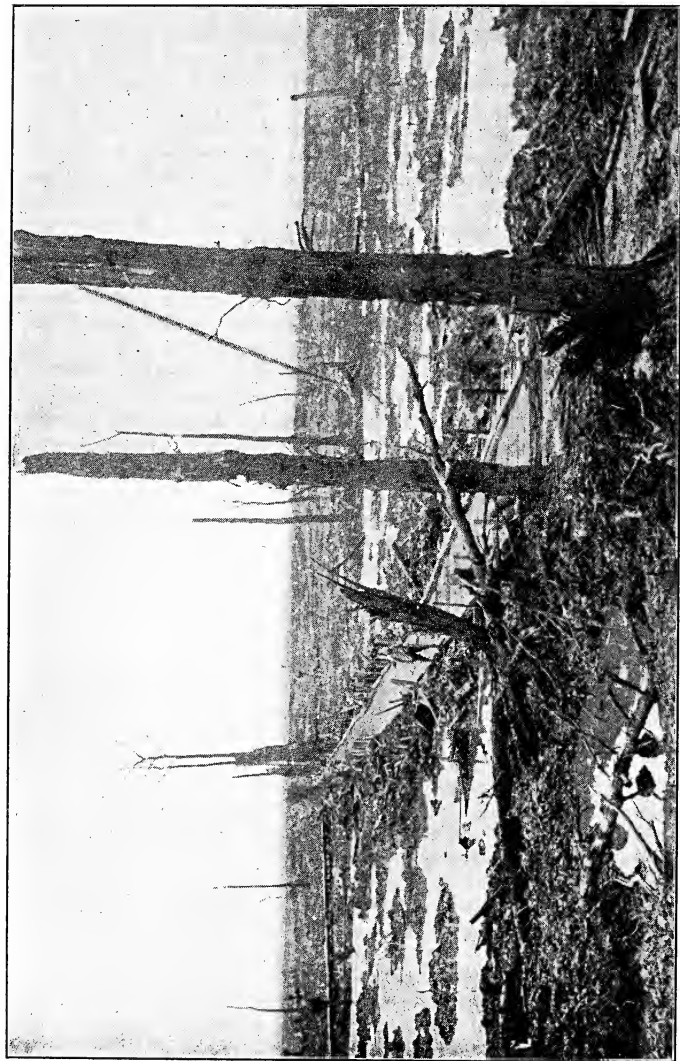
A battalion marched over the hill and sat down by the road. They had left the trenches three days' march to the north and had come to a new country. The officers pulled their maps out; a mild breeze fluttered them; yesterday had been winter and today was spring, but spring in a desolation so complete and far-reaching that you only knew of it by that little wind.

It was early March by the calendar, but the wind was blowing out of the gates of April. A platoon commander feeling that mild wind blowing forgot his map and began to whistle a tune that suddenly came to him out of the past with the wind. Out of the past it blew, and out of the South, a merry spring tune of a Southern people. Perhaps only one of those that noticed the tune had ever heard it before. An officer sitting near had heard it sung; it reminded him of a holiday long ago in the South.

"Where did you hear that tune?" he asked the platoon commander.

"Oh, a long way from here," the platoon commander said.

He did not remember quite where it was he had heard it, but he remembered a sunny day in France and a hill all dark with pine woods and a man coming down at evening out of the woods, down the slope to the village singing this song. Between the village and the slope



© Committee on Public Information

What war does to fertile fields and happy villages—a matter of tune

there were orchards all in blossom, so that he came with his song for hundreds of yards through orchards.

"A long way from here," he repeated.

For a while then they sat silent.

"It mightn't have been so very far from here," said the platoon commander. "It was in France. But it was a lovely part of France, all woods and orchards. Nothing like this, thank God!"

And he glanced with a tired look at the unutterable desolation.

"Where was it?" said the other.

"In Picardy," he said.

"Aren't we in Picardy now?" asked his friend.

"Are we?" he replied.

"I don't know. The maps don't call it Picardy."

"It was a fine place, anyway," the platoon commander said. "There seemed always to be a wonderful light on the hills. A kind of short grass grew on them and it shone in the sun at evening. There were black woods above it. A man used to come out of them singing at evening."

He looked wearily round at the brown desolation of weeds. As far as the two officers could see there was nothing but brown weeds and bits of brown barbed wire. He turned from the desolate scene back to his reminiscences.

"He came singing through the orchards into the village," he said. "A quaint old place with queer gables, called Ville-en-Bois."

"Do you know where we are?" asked the other.

"No," said the platoon commander.

"I thought not," he said. "Hadn't you better take a look at the map?"

"I suppose so," said the platoon commander, and he smoothed out his map and wearily got to the business of finding out where he was.

"*Can it be possible?*" he said. "*Ville-en-Bois!*"

From *New York Tribune*, by Lord Dunsany (Captain)

To France

What is the gift we have given thee, Sister?

What is the trust we have laid in thy hand?

Hearts of our bravest, our best, and our dearest,

Blood of our blood, we have sown in thy land.

What for all time will the harvest be, Sister?

What will spring up from the seed that is sown?

Freedom and peace and goodwill among Nations,

Love that will bind us with love all our own.

.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

In *The Battle Silences*, Contable & Company

A Prisoner Taken in the Air

Among the many interesting and exciting stories that have come from what was the St. Mihiel salient is one which, so far as can be recalled, is without a precedent—an entirely new revelation as to the possibilities of aerial warfare.

It seems that Captain Charles Biddle—of Philadelphia, naturally—while flying at a great height encountered and fought with a German flier. There was nothing new or remarkable in that, of course, nor was it strange that at the first exchange of bullets the German was wounded and his airplane damaged.

But the German's wound was not serious and his machine was not so much injured as to be out of control.

That being the situation, Captain Biddle, had he followed the usual procedure, would have finished off his helpless foe and sent him crashing to earth.

Instead, whether from disinclination for the performance, if it could be avoided, of a duty distinctly unpleasant, or because he aspired to the glory of doing what no other aviator had ever done, the Captain in some way signaled that the German should consider himself a prisoner and should guide his machine to a landing within the American lines. The alternative to obedience was death, and the German aviator obeyed.

Now, it has not been expected that aviators should bring back trophies of this kind. Aerial battles have always been of the ultimate decisiveness except when

one or the other combatant, losing hope of victory, succeeded in making his escape.

Probably Captain Biddle will not have many imitators, and he may not himself ever have again just the combination of circumstances and conditions that made his achievement possible. But he did bring home a prisoner from the clouds!

Some other day, perhaps, he or another aviator will rescue a friend or foe from a falling plane before it and he reach the ground.

That is impossible, indeed, but it is the aviator's business to do the impossible, and they accomplish it so often that no real surprise can be felt at anything they do.—

Editorial from *New York Times*

Bill and Dick, Ambulance Heroes

When Dick made his first journey to the communication trenches, he had much ado to keep himself from bolting. A city horse, he thought no noise could shake his nerves. But when the shrapnel flew screaming overhead, he shied violently; then stopped dead in his tracks, trembling in every limb. Not until his new master, Bill, had hopped down from his seat and given him a reassuring thump on the shoulder, did he find the heart to resume his road.

They had not gone far, when something huge and horrible pitched with a whizz and a bang just fifty yards

in front of them, sending up a small fountain of earth, stones and smoke. Dick shivered, but his master only shouted: "Giddap!"

So on he ploughed over the reeking road. When they got home after a six-hour journey, the perspiration was pouring off his flanks, though the day was bitterly cold. What an old, miserable, horror-stricken animal he felt! He just knew he could not stand this job.

But presently there came his master, calling him "old fire-eater." He rubbed Dick down. He patted and petted him. He gave him water and good food and a clean stable to sleep in. Dick decided that after all he could stay.

The next day it rained, and the journey was longer. The noise and smoke still made Dick uneasy, but he did not shy. What he minded now was the long standing in a spot so exposed to the wet that his hoofs sank painfully into the slimy, thick ooze. He ached with misery. He wanted to run away, but there was his master with some other men, emptying the cart behind him, and stopping every now and then to pat him cheerily on the side. No, a self-respecting horse could not desert such a master!

The worst of all came a few weeks later. It was a pleasant day, with a slight wind. Dick was feeling almost happy, when suddenly he saw a yellowish cloud rise slowly from the earth and move steadily and surely toward him. A strange smell struck his nostrils. He sniffed.

Then his master shouted, "Gas!" and clapped a suffocating bag right over Dick's head.

Dick struggled and strangled. He plunged and kicked the cart. But Bill only patted him. He had a funny hood on too. "Steady, old chap!" Dick could feel Bill saying, so he stood steady until they took the thing off.

So it went for weeks, and then for months. Bill and Dick trudged over the torn roads, always cheerily, with only a side glance for the death looking over their shoulder. They were lucky, these two. No bullets or high explosives tore them. No liquid fire burned them. No shrapnel shot them to pieces. But all the same, the strain was beginning to tell.

There came times when Bill's hands pulled so hard on the reins that Dick thought they would surely tear his mouth off. There were times when he jerked them so that any but a loving animal would have been driven mad with irritation. Once, indeed, he went so far as to hit Dick for no cause. Then he cursed himself. Later he almost cried. But never did he forget to clean out those muddy hoofs which, left dirty, would have brought eczema. Never did he forget to wash off the sweating flanks and to rub down that much-chafed back.

So Dick paid no attention to the irritation. After all, didn't he understand? Weren't there times when he himself wanted to bite the animal in the next box or to kick the boards down for no reason whatsoever?

What was the matter with them both, though? That was what he wanted to know. He found out one morning, when the doctor met them on their road.

"Bill," said he, addressing Dick's master, "I've decided that only 'blighty' will cure you. Nothing like a peep in home to take the strain off the nerves. I hope they keep you there. You've been long enough out here."

His master going! Dick craned his neck round, and managed to meet Bill's eye. They looked at one another. Then the master scratched his head.

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye," said he to the doctor. "But this 'ere 'orse now—what abowt 'im? 'E and I've ben 'ere together right from the start. Couldn't 'e be discharged, too?"

The doctor laughed.

"I'm afraid not," he said.

"Well, then, sir, if you wouldn't mind," replied Bill, "I'll think I'll wait a bit. You see we're used to being together, me and Dick. We'd rather be together to the finish."

"Just as you like," said the doctor.

"Giddap!" said Bill.

And so it happens that these two still trudge the torn French roads.

There can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the governments of the Central Empires.—Our President

Baylies of the Air Service

Somebody once asked Lieutenant Baylies if he was ever afraid when he was flying.

"Oh, no," said he, "it's too exciting. One hasn't time to be afraid. You take great chances, and some day the boche may get you, but it's a good death and a quick one."

Baylies, the American ace, took his last chance in June, 1918. He had joined the French air service just a year before, after serving two years with the French Red Cross in Macedonia. By October, 1917, he had become a member of the famous Stork Escadrille.

In March Baylies had a narrow escape. While patrolling he had trouble with his engine, and was forced to make a landing in No Man's Land. He repaired his machinery with bullets and shells crashing all about him, and sailed triumphantly off into the troubled air before the German snipers managed to make a good shot.

Two months later he had gained six palms for his War Cross, and had become a member of the Legion of Honor.

On June 17, Baylies and two companions left the air-drome to patrol the lines. Baylies was leading, and flew quite far in advance. It was the first time he had been out in over a month, as he had been waiting for a new machine. Since his last flight the French army had been forced to retreat and the line was considerably further south than it had been. Baylies may not have realized this. When he flew over the spot where the French line

used to be, four other planes were suddenly visible, dodging in and out of the clouds high above him. Baylies probably thought they were British, as the boche does not like to fly so high. He shot up to them without waiting for his friends.

But he must have realized his mistake as he came nearer the group, for he was seen suddenly to leap upward and then to swing round over his right wings toward the enemy. Just as he did this a fourth plane shot down from the bank of clouds behind him. No shots were seen or heard but smoke began to pour from Baylies' machine, and it disappeared down through the filmy curtain of the clouds in a long dive.

His friends at once gave chase, but the boche escaped. No trace of Baylies could be found. He had fallen behind the German lines. His loss, according to the commanding officer, was one of the greatest the Escadrille had experienced. Many of his friends hoped that he had made a safe landing and was being held a prisoner of war by the Germans.

Just after dawn one morning a little bag attached to a streamer fell from the air in the Stork Airdrome. It contained a short message from the enemy:

"Baylies was killed in action. Buried with military honors."

All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.—Our President

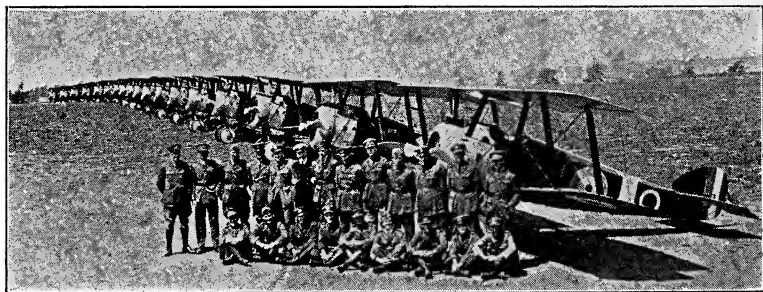
Night Raiders of the Air

We arrived at a great British airdrome just as the evening shades were falling and the mechanics were making their final inspection of the huge bombing machines which were soon to wheel their way across the fighting lines with their freight of explosives.

The night fliers were to go out as soon as darkness had settled and we found them all in the mess hall over their early dinners.

Twelve machines were to engage in the raid in hand, which meant that twenty-four of these clean-cut boys would soon be risking their lives over the inhospitable zone where the Germans watch and wait for the appearance of enemy aircraft.

We joined them at mess and listened to their conversation. It gave one a sensation of witnessing a drama which could have no basis in fact, to look into their youthful faces with the realization that within a short space



© Underwood & Underwood

A group of Canadian fliers

they might all be called upon to pay the great price in defense of king and country.

They were not discussing the raid. In fact, they seemed to be avoiding it. Their talk was largely made up of nonsense and chaff, and it seemed at moments that there was just a suspicion of "nerves" in their outbursts of laughter.

From time to time some one of them would fall into silence and thoughtfulness, only to be recalled from his reverie by the quip of a comrade. They watched one another like brothers.

A siren began its uncanny wailing somewhere outside, and a silence fell over the hall. It was the "call to arms." One by one twenty-four men separated themselves from their comrades and stole quietly from the room. They said nothing; nothing was said to them; but scores of friendly, anxious eyes looked "bonne chance."

It was dark. A pale crescent moon struggled bravely but ineffectively to clear away the gloom below. Strange, shadowy figures were flitting noiselessly about the grounds, and against the skyline could be seen the blots which represented the great machines that stood waiting for their pilots and observers.

Off toward the east the sky quivered and glowed fitfully with the crimson flashes from myriad guns, while the shrapnel hurled vicious flashes all along the line. It was toward these ominous beacons that the flight was going.

There was no delay. Time was valuable, for there were signs that mists might come at any time.

Within five minutes the throbbing of a powerful engine began, a machine gun barked as the observer tested the weapon, and then the plane glided swiftly away across the field and swept into the air, its little signal lights gleaming like stars.

Another followed, and another, until the twelve had all embarked on their perilous voyage, whose ending no one could prophesy.

Gradually the blinking eyes of the planes disappeared, and we stood and counted the minutes as we strained our eyes toward the battle line which the flight would cross. Suddenly a stream of balls of fire began to mount high into the air over the trenches. The airmen had reached the land of hate, and their punishment had begun in earnest.

The deluge continued, and the shrapnel flashes came in ever-increasing numbers. German searchlights went peering through the clouds, and we learned later that one ray rested squarely on a British plane. It was a heart-breaking moment for the pilot and observer. Their chances were small, but the light moved on and upward, and the plane was again enveloped in darkness.

All the planes but one were across the line at last. The one machine came wheeling back, flashing its personal signal as it felt its way toward home. A signal from the ground answered and the plane circled slowly down and came bobbing across the field. Engine trouble had forced a return, but there had been no accident.

It neared the hour for the other planes to be coming back. The squadron commander was pacing up and down the field like a caged tiger. His nerves were strained almost to the breaking point, and he made no effort to conceal it. His boys, the lads whom he loved like a brother, were out there over the German guns. He himself had spent many bitter days and nights in a fighting plane, and he knew what an ordeal "the flight" was going through at the moment.

And so he stamped about unhappily, with his peering eyes always on the eastern horizon, watching for the twin stars which would herald the return of at least one of the wanderers.

Finally, a set of lights appeared and swung swiftly towards the west. "Dash, dot, dash, dash——" went the code.

"It's Brown and Little," sighed the commander, and he was off posthaste toward the landing place. The machine circled and perched.

"That you, Brown?" the commander demanded, anxiously. "Everything all right?"

He didn't ask whether they had reached their objective or whether they had dropped their bombs. Were his boys all right!

"Brown and Little are all right, sir," came the reply.

Ten times more the same thing happened, the planes sometimes arriving in groups. One pilot and his observer were still out. We waited a long time, and they did not appear. The commander took himself off to be

alone, and the other officers whispered quietly among themselves. There was tragedy in the air. Two of the finest men in the service were still unaccounted for.

Meanwhile the pilot and observer were struggling to win a hundred-to-one chance against them, with death as the penalty for failure. Out over the German lines their engine went dead, while they were at a height of perhaps 4,000 feet. They dropped 1,000 feet, and then the pilot got his engine working again spasmodically. Up they crawled to their former altitude, with their nose toward home, and then the engine gave a final gasp and died.

All the probabilities were that they would crash and be smashed to pieces. There was only one thing which could possibly prevent it, and that was an iron nerve in the pilot's box. He coolly started to coast westward. On he came until his signal lights showed clearly to the watchers in the airdrome. It was like the flight of a phantom machine, with its soundless engine. The pilot got near the airdrome and then hesitated. He was lost and was coming down rapidly. He signalled wildly and a score of answering lights flashed back. He swerved and came swooping down into the airdrome, saved by a few yards.

The men were all back, and we went to the commander's office to hear them give their reports. They entered in twos and threes, their helmets pushed back, but still wearing their bulky garments that made them look like arctic explorers, or "teddy bears." But what a

change in their demeanor! They were no longer the laughing, jesting crowd of two hours before. They were pale and haggard, and their eyes were strained and brilliant. No need for them to say what they had been through. Their faces told the story.

One by one they told briefly what they had done. They had, or they had not, reached their objective. The Hun hate? Very bad, indeed, but not a subject for discussion. Their reports were taken, and they moved quietly away. They wanted to be alone.

From Associated Press dispatch

Dogs in Khaki

The War Office requires "a large supply" of collies, lurchers, sheep-dogs, retrievers, Airdales, mastiffs, Newfoundlands and other breeds of large dogs to be trained for service at the front.

When the dogs get "into khaki" the active and fast running kinds will be used as messengers and the others as watchers along the British battle line in France.

As everybody who has followed the war news knows, the "dogs of war" used by the British and French armies have proved invaluable, particularly as messengers. In making their appeal to the public for more of these four-footed soldiers to be educated at the War Dogs' Training School, somewhere in England, the military authorities permit some of the more recent and striking performances of the canines that are now being employed by the British army to be told of for the first time.

The messenger dogs are used in place of men, and are called to work over the fighting zone, where men as messengers would be in constant danger from enemy fire. Their value lies, not merely in saving the lives of men, but in carrying messages much more swiftly than men could do over the same ground, and with less risk of the loss of the message by the death or injury of the messenger.

A dog can creep or run in almost complete safety where a man would be hit, and the lives of many men in the firing line may be saved by a message carried by a dog to a point two or three miles behind.

In one instance, last year, where the Germans launched an attack, messages of great importance were carried by dogs, which had to swim across a stretch of water to reach the headquarters with which it was necessary to communicate. On another occasion, in which the Black Watch was concerned, a cream colored lurcher, known as Creamy, carried a map showing a new line which had been established, as well as an important message, and carried it in twenty-five minutes, where a man would have taken three hours—if he had got through.

Creamy was under heavy shell fire during his journey, but came through unhurt, as most of the messenger dogs usually do. The percentage of dogs lost is small, and after a year's work Creamy is still "doing his bit."

Occasionally there is a loss to be recorded. Some time ago one of the dog messengers reached his headquarters with the lower part of his jaw shattered. He delivered

his packet, but was so severely wounded that he had to be destroyed. In similar circumstances a man would no doubt have won his medal, or the Victoria Cross.

Another hero—Little Jim, a cross-bred retriever—is reported to have “rendered excellent service.” He carried important dispatches on one occasion in Flanders, and covered two and a half miles in a quarter of an hour under heavy shell fire. While in the trenches Little Jim gave first notice of a German gas attack. He was at once released, and arrived at his destination three-quarters of an hour before a message which was sent by “wire.”

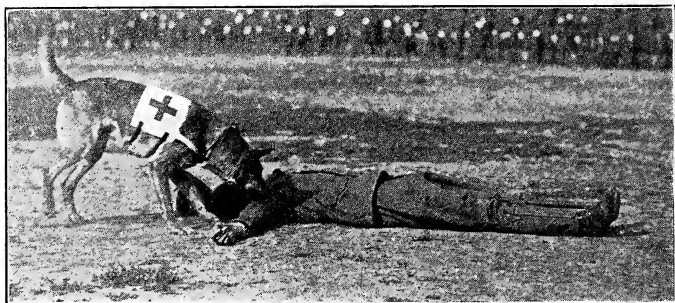


©Committee on Public Information

American army dogs

It is recorded of a sheep-dog, named Tweed, that he "has never made a single mistake," and that day or night he is "as sure as a clock."

Another dog, Trick, a collie, on the same occasion, did the distance in a quarter of an hour. Trick is a pretty, tri-colored collie, with a white breast.



© Paul Thompson

A dog being trained to find a wounded soldier

These war dogs have not only to go through rifle and machine-gun fire, as well as shell fire, but have to find their way through the maze of craters and broken wire which covers the fighting area. They rarely go wrong. This is no doubt due to the training which they receive at the War Dogs' Training School. Their education is most thorough. It is done without a whip—there is not a single whip in the school—and the greatest care has to be taken that they shall not receive a shock at the beginning.

They are first accustomed to hearing a rifle fired, and the firing is gradually brought closer, until they will

“stand easy” while a squad of men fire immediately over their heads. They are introduced in turn to bombs and guns of all sizes, up to the great 15-inch. They are taken through smoke and through water, through barbed wire entanglements, and every imaginable kind of obstruction. Like good soldiers, they become used to anything, and go through anything at the end of their course without turning a hair.

They learn jumping and swimming and thoroughly enjoy cross-country races, in which they have to leap hurdles, crawl through wire, or jump or swim dikes. No dog is sent to the front unless he is able to carry a message for three miles, and some have done five-mile runs before going to France. One dog at the front is recorded as having carried a message eight miles in a minute over the hour. Another has done five miles in half an hour, and a third, three miles and three-quarters in twenty minutes. Of one dog messenger it was reported that he could be “sent anywhere within a radius of four miles.” As a rule, the trained dog can cover about a mile and a quarter in five minutes.

To make a good messenger a dog must be “sensible” and a good jumper. Dogs of breeds smaller than mentioned are of no use. One of the strong points of the dog as messenger is that neither darkness nor fog stops him. Once properly trained, the dog can be trusted to find his way “home” as long as he is able to move.

Besides acting as dispatch carriers, dogs are trained to serve the Red Cross, do sentinel duty, guard munitions and prisoners, and convey small vehicles.

The first lesson a Red Cross dog learns is to distinguish between the uniform of his own country and that of the enemy. Then he learns that a wounded man is his business in life, and that when he finds one he must tell his master.

He must not bark, because the enemy always shoots. There are different ways in which he may tell his master. This is a simple way. If he finds a wounded man on the battlefield, he returns and urges his master to follow him. If he has not found a wounded man he trots back and lies down.

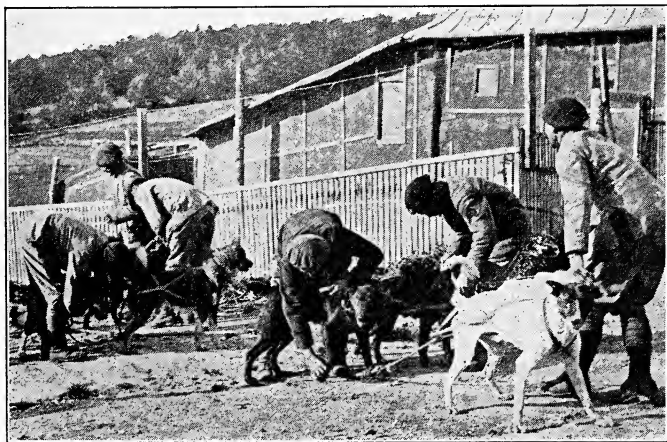
United States Consul Talbot J. Albert of Brunswick tells of the method used in the German army in which dogs have a short strap buckled to their collars, and they are trained when they find a wounded man in hunting over the battlefield at night to grasp the strap in their mouths and so return, thus signifying that there is a wounded man alive out there.

It was necessary to devise a means of reporting wounded to overcome an evil that became evident among dogs to retrieve; that is to bring back some piece of clothing belonging to the wounded man—his cap, his glove, or something from the neighborhood, such as a piece of cord, a stone or a bunch of grass. The trouble with this method was that the dogs in their abundant zeal never returned without something from the injured man, and usually they took the first thing that struck their eyes. This was often a bandage, which the dog could tear off. If taught to bring back a cap and the

soldier had none, the dog would very likely seize him by the hair.

Dogs are never trained to scent out the dead. Their business is to assist the wounded. Each one carries a first aid package strapped about its back or neck and knows that when a wounded man is found the man may take the package.

In the Belgian Army, dogs have largely displaced horses for rushing machine guns from one location to another. Officers claim that under fire they may be more depended upon than horses, and may be relied upon to keep the guns out of the hands of the enemy even though the entire escort may be killed. And they can be kept in the trenches safe from hostile bullets, which is impossible with the larger animals.



© Committee on Public Information

Alaska huskies on service in France

In Russia dogs have been used to carry ammunition to the firing lines, and by the quickness of their work have kept the soldiers well supplied from the ammunition wagons always in the rear of advancing files.

Their instincts, too, are relied upon. A French officer tells of one night while on watch as a private in one of the front trenches, every dog became suddenly uneasy, continually growling and becoming very excited. This was enough for the soldiers. They knew their army dogs and believed in them. So they telephoned to the main entrenchments for support. Fully twenty minutes after the reinforcements arrived, a German attack was made from the trenches opposite, which was turned back because of the superior numbers that answered the telephone call. The distance of the German trenches opposite those of the French is not given. How did the dogs know of the approaching attack?

Dogs and horses are cared for when wounded or maimed. They too have their sympathetic and tender nurses. In America the Red Star stands for the same thing to animals that the Red Cross stands for to men.

In France and Great Britain friends of the suffering animals are designated by the Blue Cross.

In the Blue Cross hospitals at the front there are dogs suffering from broken legs, effects of gas, liquid fire burns and shell shock. The sufferers receive every possible kindness and attention from capable specialists.

The war dog is no slacker. He knows when he is slightly hurt or mortally hurt, and if he is only slightly

hurt will not leave the field, but continues his work until a Blue Cross officer insists that he go to the hospital.

So we find the war dog's devotion to his duty equal to that of the bravest warrior in the trenches.

Adapted from *Boston Post, London Dispatch, Red Cross Magazine,*
and *New York Times*

Ballyshannon, War-Dog, a Hero of the Trenches

Bally is a war dog in the true sense of the word, a wolfhound of famous but uncommon breed. He was in training for the police force in Dublin when his master took him to France.

Bally took to the life like a true Irishman—the harder the knocks, the more desperate the fighting, the better he liked it. What he didn't care for was the enforced marches in retreat.

For six months or so Bally served his master and the French troops, a faithful messenger. He weighs about 170 pounds, but for a big fellow he is splendidly lithe and sinuous and able to get very easily where a man dare not follow.

They say that when the regiment to which he justifiably belonged was ordered to Ypres (Eepr), Bally was the happiest and lightest-hearted member of it. This proves that even a dog does not always know what is coming to him. For Ypres was destined to be a dangerous if not fatal field to Bally. In the first action in which he was employed a heavy cannon thrown off its carriage rolled over on Bally and crushed him to the

earth. There the Huns found the dog, and seeing that it was still alive they carried him into their lines.

For the first time in his military career Bally was a prisoner, helpless and apparently near death. At least the Germans so considered him, and the next day they thrust the crippled animal back into the French lines. There at least he might die among friendly faces.

But Bally wasn't to be so quickly killed. A surgeon examined him and a nun took an *x-ray* of his bent and contused ribs. They were not broken, and as his master was returning to Ireland to nurse a shattered arm he took the dog along to get well in his native air.

Bally's worst adventure was to come, and shortly. Off the coast of Ireland the ship was torpedoed by a submarine, and but three of those on board escaped with their lives, a sailor, a New York man named Maloney, and Bally. The three supported themselves in the water by clinging to a plank, and when they were finally picked up and put ashore in Ireland, Mr. Maloney was so penetrated with admiration of the superb courage displayed by the dog that, there being nobody else to claim him, he adopted the animal as his own and brought him to New York.

That was last May. Bally, still almost unable to walk, was taken by his new master up to Central Park, and put in charge of Tom Hoey, who has been shepherd there for a score of years. For seventeen of these Lady Dale, an Airedale, has assisted Tom. It is a question which was the more pleased by Bally's advent, Tom Hoey or Lady

Dale. Both welcomed the Irish wolfhound heartily, but with Lady Dale it was a case of love at first sight.

Since then Bally has lived in what ought to seem like a canine paradise. The shepherd, acting for Mr. Maloney, doctored and fed him medicine and food most calculated to restore his strength, while Lady Dale saw to it that in his exercise he should see all her favorite haunts in the park.

A safe and pleasant life, Bally ought to be content to lead it, but he isn't.

"The dog's that restless at times," said Tom Hoey, "that I fair believe he wants to be going back to the wars. It will be a sorry day for Lady Dale if he does, for that Airedale is in love with him if ever one dog was with another."

From *New York Sun*



© British Official Photograph

Ready to carry a message through enemy shell fire

Ways of Honoring Heroes

When Admiral Sims, in command of our navy in European waters, declined a title from the King of England, our secretary of the navy telegraphed his approval of the refusal.

Our national constitution forbids any "person holding any office of profit or trust" from accepting "any present, endowment, office, or title of any kind whatever from any province, prince, king or foreign state" without the consent of Congress.

Because our Allies wish to express their appreciation of valorous deeds by our soldiers and commanders, Congress has passed an act which permits any member of our military force to accept any but hereditary honors at the hands of foreign governments. Thus Sergeant Chamberlain received the Victoria Cross of which sol-

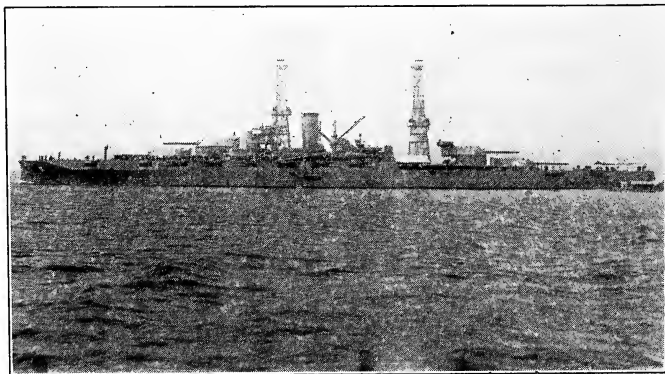


Photo by Moser

© Underwood & Underwood

The flagship of our Atlantic fleet

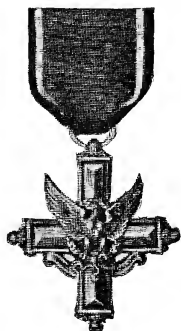
diers are fond of saying, "You have to be a dead hero to get it."

Our own government has four ways of publicly honoring exceptionally valorous or valuable service:

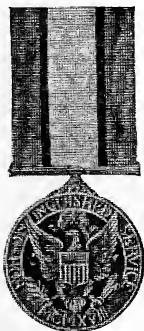
1. Medal of Honor



2. Distinguished Service Cross



3. Distinguished Service Medal



Is awarded for civilian as well as military service.

4. Honorable mention or "citation" to officers, governments and publics

Semper Fidelis—Always Faithful

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime or place
Where we could take a gun—
In the snow of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job—
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve,
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

The marines fight on land, at sea and in the air. "Semper Fidelis" (always faithful) is their motto, and "first to fight" their slogan.

They do guard duty on board battleships and first class armored cruisers. They form the backbone of any landing party sent ashore from these ships. They man the secondary or torpedo defense batteries. At the aeronautic stations they learn to fly. They ride horses, too, and have troops and squadrons of mounted infantry. In fact as Kipling says, "There isn't a job on the top of the earth that the beggar don't know or do."

The stories which follow about their heroic deeds in this war show that the last two stanzas of their hymn are appropriate.

"Second Lieutenant Carl C. Rice, machine gun battalion, in command of a machine gun section: On June 6, 1918, near Château Thierry, France, he was wounded soon after the advance began, but refused to have his wounds dressed for fear it would delay the movement. He bravely continued to lead the section until he fell from exhaustion."

"Private Theodore Pisticoudis, machine gun battalion: When three infantrymen were buried by a shell explosion near Château Thierry, June 6, 1918, he fearlessly left shelter in the face of a heavy shelling and rescued them."

"Corporal Eugene W. Wear, marines: On June 6, 1918, in the vicinity of Château Thierry, he with a private, went out into an open field under heavy shell and machine gun fire and succeeded in bandaging and carrying back to our lines a wounded comrade."

"Private Louis H. Harkenrider, ambulance company: On June 6, 1918, in the vicinity of Château Thierry, with a corporal he went out into an open field under heavy shell and machine gun fire and succeeded in bandaging and carrying back to our lines a wounded comrade."

"Lieutenant Lemuel C. Sheppard, M. C.: On June 3, 1918, near the Lucy-Torcy road he declined medical treatment after being wounded and continued courageously to lead his men."

"Second Lieutenant James H. Legendre, M. C. R.: He displayed exceptional bravery in organizing and leading a party of volunteers through heavy machine gun fire for the purpose of securing two wounded men on the Lucy-Torcy road, June 6, 1918."

"First Sergeant Daniel Daly, M. G. C., marines: Sergeant Daly repeatedly performed deeds of heroism and great service. On June 5, 1918, at the risk of his life he extinguished a fire in an ammunition dump at Lucy-le-Bo-cage. On June 7, 1918, while his position was under violent bombardment he visited all the gun crews of his company, then posted over a wide portion of the front, to cheer his men. On June 10, 1918, he attacked an enemy machine gun emplacement, unassisted and captured it by use of hand grenades and his automatic pistol. On the same day, during the German attack on Bouresches, he brought in wounded under fire."

"Private James J. Pretty, machine gun battalion: In the Bois de Belleau, France, on June 17, 1918, he and a comrade left shelter and went two hundred yards in the open under fire of the enemy and carried a wounded infantry soldier back to his lines, thereby demonstrating heroic and voluntary disregard of self to save one who could not help himself."

"Private Bertram L. Ream, machine gun battalion: In the Bois de Belleau, France, on June 17, 1918, he and a comrade left shelter and went two hundred yards in the open under fire of the enemy and carried a wounded infantry soldier back to his lines, thereby demonstrating heroic and voluntary disregard of self to save one who could not help himself."

"Sergeant Robert H. Donaghue, marines: Northwest of Château Thierry, France, in the Bois de Belleau, June 8, 1918, he led his platoon against violent fire to destroy a machine gun position, killed or wounded eight Germans himself, and did not cease firing until overcome from loss of blood from his own injuries."

From official "citation" by General Pershing. These heroes were recommended for the D. S. C., Distinguished Service Cross.

“Over the Top” Six Times

Lieut. Leland E. Douthit is a member of the 55th Company, Fifth Regiment, United States Marine Corps. He is not yet twenty years of age, but he has been “over the top” six times. In the last engagement he was wounded and promoted to the rank of sergeant. In a letter, which is printed in the *Dallas Journal*, he writes to his mother:

I want you to be brave, little mother, like you have been all through the long days that have passed since I saw your sweet face last. You must be proud of me and forget the ugly side of this war, since God has been very good to me, and I am proud to say that I have bled for my country.

You saw in the papers of a certain date how the marines distinguished themselves against the enemy, yet in our recklessness we paid the price that both sides must pay. Though outnumbered, we made the boche retreat with great losses.

I am now in an American hospital,

surrounded by American doctors and nurses, and receiving the very best attention.

My wound is not dangerous, so I hope to be back with my company before many weeks. I am happy.

I hear that all the marines are to be decorated for valor. If we did anything more than any other red-blooded American would have done under the circumstances, I don't know what it was; yet, in the many hard-fought battles to come between American and Hun, they, the Americans, can all use the marines' battle-cry, “We shall never retreat.”



©Committee on Public Information

An American hut, camouflaged, in France

Tanks or Caterpillar Forts

The men in the first line German trenches were amazed one misty morning by the appearance of an immense box-like object, whose dirty gray sides were almost invisible a few feet away.

The mysterious enemy crawled steadily forward. Facing a rain of bullets it moved without interruption at the rate of a slow walk.

Through stout belts of barbed wire, over shell holes and trenches, its long prow dipped and swung from side to side, forcing the soldiers before it to run for shelter. Scores of similar monsters followed, spouting fire and bullets, and the enemy fled in consternation before them.

This was the first appearance of the tanks, the manufacture of which had been kept secret by the British government. Strange and wonderful stories were told that night after the battle of the traveling fort. Wounded men forgot their pain in recounting them.

At the little village of Courcellette (Koor-se-let) the Germans had established batteries in an old sugar factory, and it seemed impossible to move them. A tank appeared upon the scene, and waddled towards the sugar factory. The Germans were silent for a few minutes, then their guns burst forth suddenly. But the tank did not mind.

Bullets fell harmlessly from its sides. It advanced to a wall of the factory, leaned up against it heavily. The wall fell with a crash of brick. Then the tank rose on



© British Official Photograph

Barb wire entanglements are like mosquito netting to tanks

the bricks, passed over them, and walked straight into the ruins of the factory.

From its sides came flashes of fire. It trampled around over machine gun emplacements, "having a grand time," as one of the men said.

It crushed the machine guns under its heavy ribs, and killed the gunners with its deadly fire. The infantry followed and in short time the Germans were driven out.

In another advance a British tank came along and ploughed about searching for machine guns; rumbling over bits of wall, nosing here and there, sitting on heaps of ruins while it fired down the street of what had once been a peaceful village.

Said a London boy, "It was like a fairy tale. I can't help laughing every time I think of it. The tanks went over the barricades like elephants, straight through barns and houses, straddling German dugouts and firing down German trenches."

A German colonel came out of one of the dugouts. He held his hands high in front of the tank, calling "Kamerad, Kamerad."

"Come inside," said a voice, and human hands pulled him inside the strange monster.

And for the rest of the day the German colonel rode round in the tank with the British boys. It was the strangest ride he ever had. He will probably never forget it.

Once the men in a tank found themselves cut off from the artillery and their machine disabled. Something was

wrong with the engine. The men stuck to their guns, while the engineers repaired the engine. The fight lasted several hours. Finally the Germans broke in confusion and took to flight. Fifty of them, however, were captured. The crew, hot, tired and exhausted, rounded up their prisoners ahead of the tank, and proceeded to the rear, the tank behaving more or less like a lame duck, but clattering triumphantly.

But the German prisoners taken during the day's battle all testified to the terror inspired in the enemy by the unknown monster.

It was not, however, until after General Byng's surprise attack at Cambrai in 1917 that the reputation of the tanks became firmly established. Previous to this attack tanks had been employed to accompany infantry during an assault, helping them to get across bad ground and to attack machine gun posts and centres of resistance. The usual artillery bombardment of several days or even weeks had always been employed on the Western front since the advent of trench warfare.

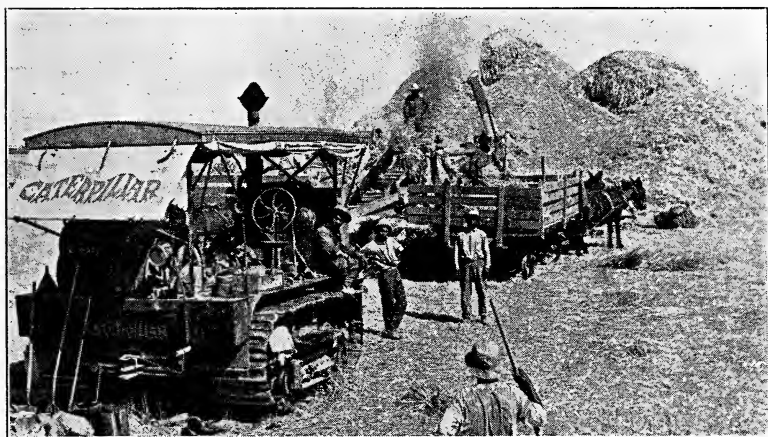
But General Byng dispensed with artillery preparation. His preparations and concentrations were carried out with the greatest secrecy. On a front of over twenty-five miles he sent his fleets of tanks into battle, followed by dashing British infantry. The tanks went through the stout German belts of barbed wire and the infantry followed.

Caught completely by surprise, the German troops were simply rushed off their feet before they could get

their anti-tanks guns into action, and call for the support of their artillery in the rear.

Since this battle every dispatch brings in new words of the tanks' victories. A while ago it was airplanes that were going to win the war. Now it is tanks.

In spite of their strength and clumsiness, the tanks in the hands of skilled drivers are docile and as easily guided as trained elephants. Grotesque and ungainly in appearance they appeal to the humor in an infantry man, and he follows his lumbering guide with laugh at its effect on the enemy.



© Underwood and Underwood

The tank's cousin in our home harvest fields

The crew look from their fort through narrow slits in the walls, or through periscopes. If the tank is attacked by gas it may be sealed up, so that the crew may travel on until they reach fresh air before opening up. The

cabin is lighted with electricity, but is not a comfortable place in which to ride. The machinery produces a heat like a boiler room and in an attack when the rapid fire guns start the noise is so great that orders cannot be spoken, but must be conveyed from one man to another through a carefully worked out system of signs.

The new tank tactics are very interesting. Before tanks were used no attack was ever made on an entrenched enemy without first destroying the barbed wire and accounting for his machine guns. The result was that the enemy always had ample warning that an attack was pending, and he brought up his reserves and stopped the offensive in short order.

Now the tanks destroy the barbed wire and account for machine guns. The infantry follow immediately and surprise attacks are possible.

Tanks serve as moving artillery for the infantry, who advance under their protection.



© Committee on Public Information

The way our infantry fight after tanks pave the way

The small tanks can be used as special cavalry. Retreating enemy can be chased, machine gunned and thrown into complete confusion. The "whippets" and the "mosquitoes" can worm their way far into the enemy's territory, and interfere with transports and retreating troops. They can accompany cavalry just as they do infantry, taking care of troublesome machine guns whenever the regular cavalry is held up.

The tanks also conserve life. Knights of old were protected from swords and arrows by their armor. The modern infantryman trusts for life to trenches and earthworks. The tank men know that in their steel fort they are safe, except for the chance of a heavy projectile. Official reports show that in eight tanks which were stopped by German field guns in an attack on Le Quesne (Cain) only one man was wounded.

There are many divisions to the tank service, some more dangerous than others. The salvage corps has perhaps the most dangerous job of all. These men must creep out under cover of night, and crawling over the embattled fields strewn with the ruins of the day's fight, recover from broken-down tanks whatever parts are fit for further use.

If some tank abandoned by its crew because of heavy shelling, has by chance escaped enemy capture, these men must worm their way to it, make necessary repairs and return with it, often under heavy fire.

The motorcycle corps, an important part of the tank service, rushes about during battle carrying dispatches from one point to another.

The men in the tank service have chosen "Treat 'Em Rough" as their slogan, and a huge black cat as their emblem and mascot. Any cat that looks black enough and fierce enough is apt to be kidnapped and adopted by some tank battalion.

So exciting and interesting are the stories of the victories of the tanks that many men have become eager to enlist in the corps.

A well known business man about forty years of age gave up a salary of \$100,000 a year to enlist as a private, with the hope of being an officer of the iron cavalry that is to charge on to Berlin. A film service manager on the Pacific coast gave up \$25,000 to do likewise. Hundreds of prosperous and successful leaders in civil life are swarming to the fighting colors of the tanks.

Only the men especially fitted for the service are selected. Every officer is promoted from the ranks. No man can secure a commission without first becoming a private.

Just what the United States is going to do in regard to this new idea in modern warfare is a mystery. No other arm of our service is so secretive as that of the tanks. The tank is to be a weapon of surprise. The less the enemy hears about our plans the sooner our "Treat 'Em Rough" crews can pilot their landships into Berlin.

Adapted from *Associated Press, New York Tribune, and Boy Scout Magazine*

Insisting Upon the Pass Word

The "Old Man," as the boys affectionately called the colonel, had given orders that no soldier should allow an officer to pass up the front lines unless he knew his identity.

Private Bates was on sentry duty at the entrance to the trenches. He had not been on guard long when he saw a middle-aged soldier coming towards him.

"Advance and give the password," commanded Bates.

"That's all right," said the soldier, "I'm the colonel."

"Now, what in the world would the 'old man' be doing round here," said Bates. "You make a move and I'll stick this bayonet in you."

Just then the captain came along on his tour of inspection.

What was his horror and amazement to find the colonel of the regiment, backed up against the wall of the trench, with Private Bates' bayonet pressing rather dangerously against his stomach.

Bates, it appears, had never seen the colonel, except at a distance as he went by in his car or trotted past on his horse. He had no idea that he was so tall.

The colonel was delighted. He had gone out on purpose to test the sentries to see if he could bluff his way through the line. He commended Bates highly, and said he hoped all sentries would be as careful.

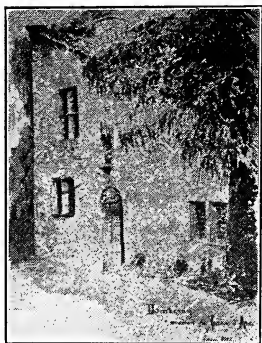
Adapted from *The Stars and Stripes*

**This is a people's war, not a statesmen's war.
—Our President**

Americans in Joan of Arc's Home

Les Americains! Les Americains! The Americans are coming to Domrémy (Dom-ray-me)!

Yes, Domrémy is rejoicing much in the same manner that she rejoiced that day five hundred years ago when a courier came to tell that their child, their little Joan, had with her own hands crowned the King of France in the great Cathedral at Rheims.



© N. Y. Times Magazine

Joan of Arc's home

Today another courier has arrived, asking the town's hospitality for these new Allies from America, a land which seems very young to old world villages like Domrémy. Five hundred years isn't such a long time to the people of a town that has

hardly changed its appearance in all those years.

It meant lots of work and many sacrifices to prepare the village for these thrice welcome guests.

It took lots of time, too, to answer questions and tell over and over again to each new group of soldiers the story of Joan of Arc, and to personally conduct each group to the house where Jeanne d'Arc was born.

"There it is still, the very same house," has to be repeated many times. The same house after five hundred years! This is hard for young Americans to appreciate,

who, in their own short lifetimes, have seen good-sized cities built up, and torn down to be rebuilt to suit other purposes and tastes.

"There is the very tree under which Jeanne used to sit and spin while her sheep grazed about her. It was there the Voices most often spoke to her. They still speak to those who know how to listen.

"Come and talk with Mother Larose. She has been hearing the Voices since she was a little girl, and now she's eighty-five. Then there's Marie of the notion shop. The Voices have spoken to her about the war—and to Joseph, the tailor! Oh, there are many people in our village who've heard the Voices, and why not? They came here once and inspired a glorious page in the history of France. Why shouldn't they come again, especially *now* when the Americans have come?"

"And why not?" said the Americans to the distinguished French general who came the next day to visit them, and stopped to talk with privates and cooks and other non-commissioned heroes in this new army of Allies.

"Of course we understand why the people of Domrémy should believe that the Voices may still be heard, but what we'd like to know, General, is, are they heard?"

They were standing on the top of a hill which looked over valleys toward the spot whence later the First American Field Army was to start its victorious attack upon the German frontier south of Verdun. The general looked first at the church which France had erected on

this hilltop in memory of Joan of Arc. Then he looked long and earnestly into the faces of these young Americans, came to precise military attention, and said: "Listen!" They listened, and heard—a distinct, clear American bugle call to advance! They knew what the general meant when he asked, "Do you hear the Voices?"

Rewritten from an incident related to American audiences by Capt.

Perigord, a many-times wounded French officer, teacher
and priest, who was sent to America by France
to help us understand the war

Pershing Before the War

Major-General John J. Pershing, commander of America's first field army in France, or, as he is known among the rank and file of his men, "Black Jack" Pershing, is the youngest of his rank in the United States Army. He is fifty-eight years old and was graduated from West Point in 1886 as senior cadet-captain, the highest honor any undergraduate can achieve. He began active service at once as second lieutenant of the Sixth United States Cavalry.

For seven years Lieutenant Pershing did not know a promotion, but in 1893 he was raised to the rank of first lieutenant. He was assigned to the Tenth Cavalry, the crack negro command that afterward won fame at the San Juan blockhouse. Because of the fact that he was appointed to the colored troop he earned the sobriquet of "Black Jack," which has stuck to him since.

Pershing, as a young officer, applied himself strictly to the business of fighting. He made a thorough study



© Paul Thompson

General Pershing in Paris

of tactics, and is now generally known as the best strategist in the army. He was an instructor at West Point when the war with Spain was declared. He at once applied for the command of the old "Tenth," and his regiment was among the first to be shipped to Cuba, where he distinguished himself in the field, winning the applause of his colonel. At the battle of El Caney, he was promoted to the rank of captain for gallantry in action.

When the American flag was thrown to the breeze over the Philippines, Captain Pershing was ordered to duty in our new possessions. There he earned the name of the "great pacifier." By the exercise of tact, persuasion and unlimited patience he established friendly and even cordial relations with most of the natives. Only as a

last resort did he use force, but then he dealt smashing blows.

The Moros were his first great military problem. They were fiercely antagonistic to the United States. They refused to accept the assurances of the good intentions of this Government, and fought the advance of the Americans step by step. To subdue them was a difficult task. But Pershing gritted his teeth and undertook the work with his famous smile. He had a picked lot of regulars under him, every man of whom he knew and trusted, and every one of whom loved "Black Jack."

The Moros that Pershing was called upon to bring to terms had mobilized in the crater of an extinct volcano called Bud Dajo, on the island of Jolo. To drive them out had been a task with which the army had contended since 1906. Pershing announced to his men that the Moros were coming out of the crater if it took him ten years to accomplish the job. And they did!

In January, 1916, General Pershing was assigned to the command of the Eighth Brigade of the regular army, with headquarters at El Paso, Texas. After the Villa raid General Pershing commanded the punitive expedition into Mexico and handled the problem in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Administration.

On the death of Major-General Funston, General Pershing succeeded him in rank and command. He remained on the border until he was summoned to Washington to take command of the first American troops ever ordered across the ocean to battle in Europe.

Two years ago tragedy entered into the life of General Pershing. His wife and three of his children were burned to death in his home. Warren, his five-year-old son, was rescued by the servants. The blow was a hard one, but the General met it like a soldier.

Adapted from *The Literary Digest*

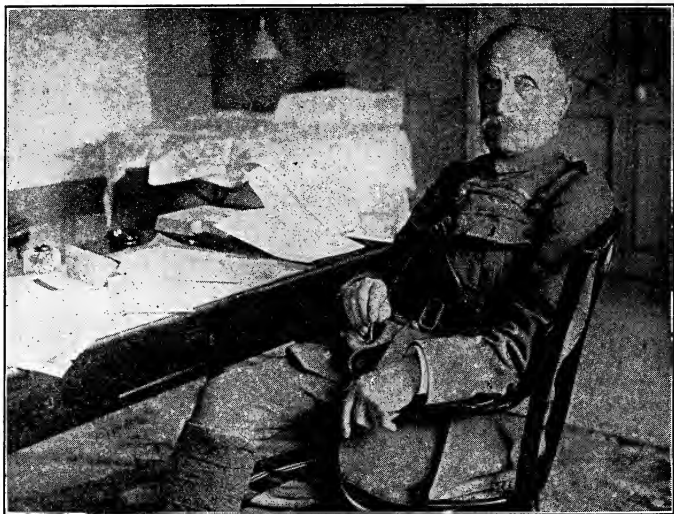
Pershing in France

Among General Pershing's first acts in France was to send word to the mothers of American soldiers that no stone would be left unturned to give our soldiers healthful living and working conditions and wholesome recreation.

After the American Field Army started the drive into Lorraine, in September, 1918, the newspapers of all nations commended America for the courage of her soldiers and the skill of her commanders. Marshal Foch, head of all the Allied Armies, complimented General Pershing and his officers and troops upon winning "a magnificent victory by a manœuvre as skillfully prepared as it was gallantly executed."

Regarding this attack and the general who planned it, two newspapers commented as follows:

"It was a thoroughly workmanlike performance, not a mere successful dash of gallant men. Pershing, with all the careful scientific preparation and resource of contemporary war, hit one of the toughest, most strongly fortified, most 'impregnable' parts of the German line. In those skedaddling Germans, in those great masses of



© Paul Thompson

Marshal Foch, generalissimo, directs all Allied armies

captured men and materials, we are to see only a part of a noble bit of military science. They are among the details. The blow itself, powerful and effective as it was, is but a preparation for greater things.

“General Pershing has shown that he knows the game. It would be a waste of time to praise a man who has given such proofs of his trained military capacity. He would deprecate praise for himself, but it cannot hurt him to feel that the United States is proud of him and his men.”—*The New York Times*.

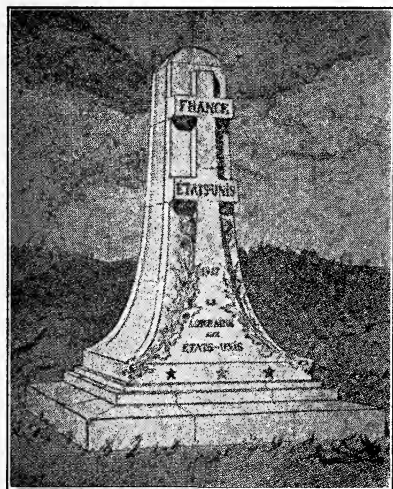
“Every one has known, even Berlin, what American troops could do. Until St. Mihiel no one could be quite sure what the American command could do. No Ameri-

can general or staff officer had had experience in handling such vast bodies of men in actual combat. Modern warfare demands a complexity and accuracy of staff preparation to which Napoleon was a stranger.

"There was the best of augury in General Pershing's modesty. His administrative work had been of the highest quality. His loyal seconding of Allied leadership when American troops were brigaded with the French on victorious fields was a bright record of the war.

"When his time came to command, there was no lack of mastery. No action of the entire war has been fought with greater skill, dash and precision.

"In military history the pinching out of the St. Mihiel salient will be a classic."—*The World*.



Here, on the soil of Lorraine, rest the first three American soldiers killed by the enemy, November 3, 1917, Corporal James B. Gresham (of Evansville), Private Thomas F. Enright (of Pittsburgh), Private Merle D. Hay (of Glidden), Company F, 16th Regiment, 1st Division.

As worthy sons of their great and noble nation, they fought for Right, for Liberty, for Civilization, against German Imperialism, curse of the human race.

They died on the Field of Honor.

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

—VACHEL LINDSAY

From *The Congo and Other Poems*, The MacMillan Company

Lincoln and Kaiser to Two Mothers

The contrast between Democracy and Autocracy shows in many ways. The difference between the two following letters is not due to some accident. The *difference* is due to deep-seated *differences* between the autocratic Prussianized Germany of 1918 and the America of 1776, 1861 and 1918.

The Kaiser's Letter

"His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature."

Frau Meyer, who received the letter, has now joined the street beggars in Delmenhors-Oldenburg, to get a living.

Lincoln's Letter

Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

From *New York Times*

Germany is constantly intimating the "terms" she will accept, and always finds that the world does not want terms. It wishes the final triumph of justice and fair dealing.—President Woodrow Wilson

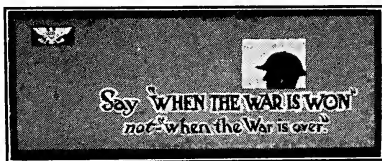
Our Flag Forever

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars,
She's the flag of our country forever.

—FRANK L. STANTON



N. Y. C. High School of Commerce

Military Terms

Ace—an aviator who brings down five enemy planes.

Airdrome—aviation field with platform for machines to land and sheds in which they are housed.

Arditi—(ar-dee-tee), one branch of Italian soldiers.

Barrage—(bar-rahge), when an army wants to advance and to prevent the enemy from coming to meet them hundreds of cannon shoot shells so aimed that the shells will fall like a curtain of deadly hot steel. The enemy will be killed if he tries to rush through this barrage. Those who shoot it are safe in moving forward, if they do not move faster than orders. Then a new barrage farther on is shot which forces the enemy back, and permits the advancing army to make another gain.

Bersaglieri—(behr-sahl-ee-eh-ree), division of Italian soldiers.

Breechbolt—small and large guns have breeches, i. e., place where they open. The breechbolt helps lock the gun when it shoots.

Camion—(cam-e-on), ammunition chest or wagon.

Carabinieri—division of Italian soldiers.

Caterpillar wheels—see photograph of tanks which look like caterpillars when moving.

Commandeer—to require property or personal service for immediate government or army use, leaving compensation to be settled later.

Cordon—an extended line as of men or ships.

Counter-attack—when an attacked army attacks back.

Crimes against humanity—crimes like sinking neutral ships, bombarding unfortified cities, making slaves of free people, starving prisoners of war.

Croix-de-guerre—(craw-deh-gair), French cross of war.

Detrain—to leave a train

Dog-tag—a fighting man's identification tag.

Doughboy—any person connected with the American Army.

D. S. O.—Distinguished Service Order. See photograph.

Emplacement—position and foundation for large guns.

Esquadriile (es-kah-dree), a flying corps.

Grenade—a bomb hurled by a soldier.

Mess—soldiers' meals.

M. G. C.—machine gun company.

M. C.—Marine Corps.

M. C. R.—Marine Corps Regiment.

Mosquitoes—small French tanks.

Mufti—civilian clothes.

No Man's Land—land for which two enemies are contesting between their trenches.

Ordnance—powder, shells, guns, military equipment, arsenals, armories, munition factories.

Poilu—French soldier.

Parapet—a wall to strengthen a trench against an enemy attack.

Platoon—half a company, commanded by a lieutenant.

Released—a newspaper term meaning “offered for publication.”

Rue—French for street.

Salient—that portion of a battle line which extends into enemy country.

Sappers—men who dig tunnels under the enemy lines.

Sector—a division of trenches.

Shell-shock—upsetting of nerves, due to constant explosion of shells; a condition where nerves keep jumping and frightening the mind even after shells stop exploding.

Shrapnel—bits of iron shot from cannon.

Sick bay—hospital on board a ship.

Spirals—long strips of cloth wound round and round the leg for leggings.

Strafe—German for “let him punish,” e. g., “Gott Strafe England.” (May God punish England), a common greeting used during the war by Germans instead of “Good Morning” or “I hope you are well.”

Tractor—the “driving part of a tank, engine, drive wheels, etc.

Trench mortar—gun used to send bombs into enemy trenches.

Volplane—downward swoop of airplane.



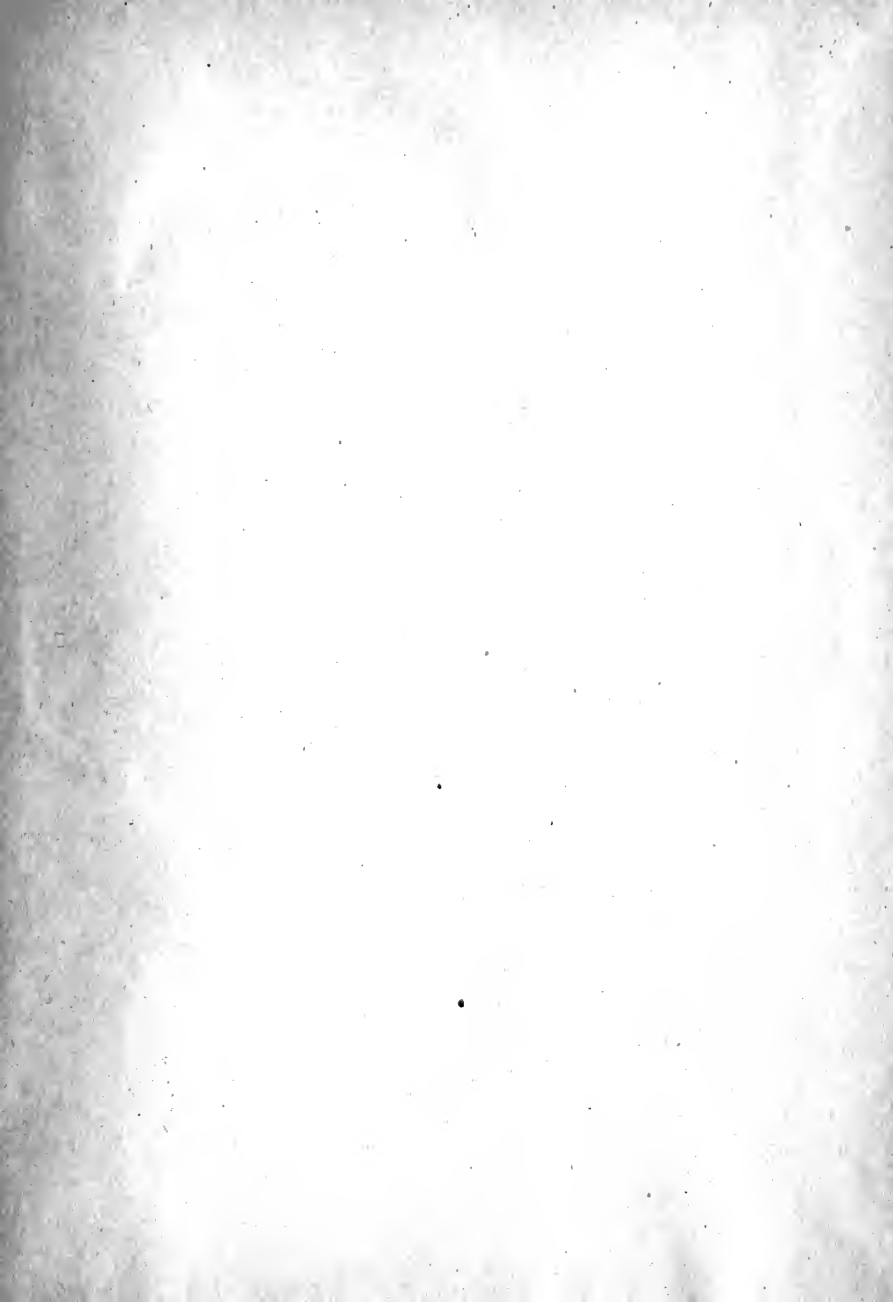
“Gee! I passed in French in College, too”

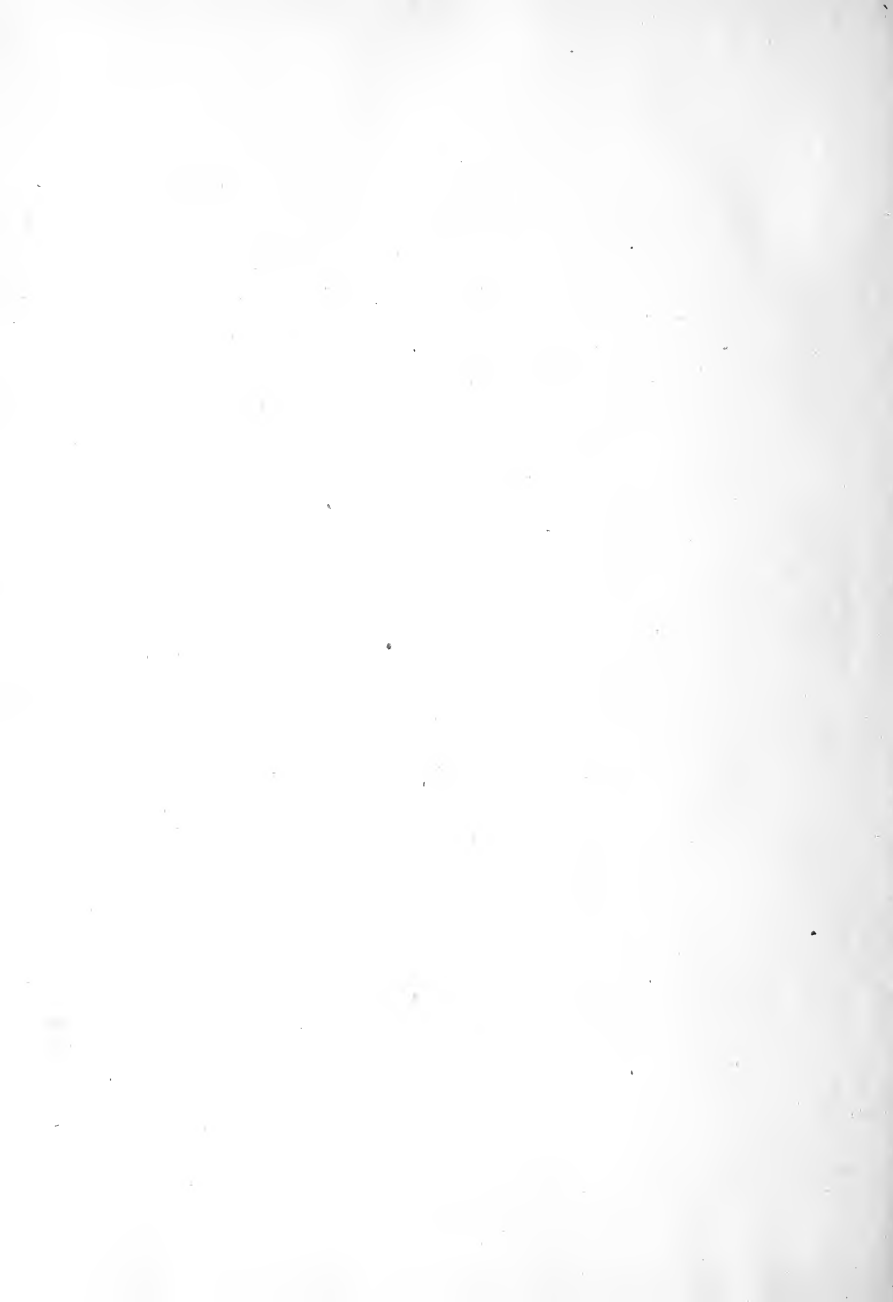
Reprinted from *Life*. Copyright Life Publishing Company, from
p. 90, *War Facts for Every American*



LB C 19

252





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 545 922 6